MISCELLANEOUS
POEMS
AND
TRANSLATIONS.

By ſeveral HANDS.

Publiſh'd by RICHARD SAVAGE,
Son of the late Earl RIVERS.

Multa Poëtarum veniet Manus, auxilio quæ
Sit mihi —— Hor.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY *Mary Wortley Mountague.*

MADAM,

THAT I have the Ambition to addreſs my Miſcellany to the loveliest Patroneſs in the World, is a Preſumption, I confeſs, in *Me*, who have not the Honour to be known to your Ladyſhip: But I have a Motive to it, ſtill more powerful than the flattering Hope of your condeſcending to forgive me; I mean, the

Goodneſs, Tenderneſs, and Sweetneſs of Diſpoſition, ſo natural to your Ladyſhip. I know not how I can forbear this Application; becauſe there is ſcarce a Poſſibililty, that I ſhou'd ſay more than I believe, when I am ſpeaking of your Excellence.

Since our Country has been honour'd by the Glory of your *Wit*, as Elevated and Immortal as your *Soul!* It no longer remains a Doubt, whether your Sex have Strength of Mind, in Proportion to their Sweetneſs? —— There is ſomething in your *Verſes*, as diſtinguiſh'd as your *Air!* —— They are as ſtrong as Truth; as deep as Reaſon; as clear as Innocence; and as ſmooth as Beauty! -- They contain a nameleſs, and peculiar, Mixture, of Grace, and Force; which is at once ſo movingly ſerene, and ſo majeſtically lovely, that it is too amiable to appear any where, but in your *Eyes* and your *Writings*.

Forgive

Forgive me, Madam, if (while I feel the divine Influence of your *Spirit*, which no Words but Yours can *diſplay*, and no Form but Yours cou'd have enſhrin'd) I preſume to lay before you ſuch unpardonable Compoſitions as my own: Thoſe of my Friends will, I doubt not, prove worthy of your Peruſal; and, in ſome Meaſure, atone the Faults of His, who begs Permiſſion to ſubſcribe Himſelf,

With the utmoſt Devotion,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt Humble,

and moſt Obedient Servant,

RICHARD SAVAGE.

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A POEM

A POEM on the Recovery of her Grace the Dutcheſs of *RUTLAND* from the Small-Pox.

By Mr. SAVAGE, *Son of the late Earl* RIVERS.

LONG *Rutland*'s Fair had bleſs'd her Conſort's Sight,
With am'rous Pride, and undiſturb'd Delight;
Till Death grown envious, with repugnant Flame,
Frown'd at their Joys, and urg'd a Tyrant's Claim.

He ſummons each *Diſeaſe!* —— the noxious Crew,
Writhing, in dire Diſtortions, ſtrike his View!
From various Plagues, which various Natures know,
Forth ruſhes Beauty's fear'd, and fervent Foe.
Fierce to the Fair, the miſſile Miſchief flies,
The ſanguine Streams in raging Ferments riſe!
It drives, Ignipotent, thro' ev'ry Vein,
Hangs on the Heart, and burns around the Brain!
Now a chill Damp the Charmer's Luſtre dims!
Sad o'er her Eyes, the livid Languor ſwims!
Her Eyes, that with a Glance could Joy inſpire,
Like ſetting Stars, ſcarce ſhoot a glimm'ring Fire.
Now their pale Lights th' encroaching Fiend forbids,
Quench'd are their Beams, and clos'd th' unwilling
Lids.

Here *Rutland* ſtands, with gen'rous Anguiſh preſt,
Grief in his Eye, and Terror in his Breaſt.
Th' enfeebled Graces, ſmit with anxious Care,
In ſilent Sorrow, weep the waining Fair.

Eight

Eight Suns, ſucceſſive, roll their Fires away,
And eight ſlow Nights ſee their deep Shades decay.
While theſe revolve, tho' mute each Muſe appears,
Their ſpeaking Eyes drop Eloquence in Tears.
On the ninth Noon, his Ear their *Phœbus* bends!
Now from their Chief the Voice of Prayer aſcends!
" Great God of Light, of Wit, and Phyſick's Art,
" To the lov'd, languid Fair Relief impart!
" New Charms awake! new-warm her chearleſs Breaſt!
" His Grief alleviate, who the Muſe redreſt!
" There Beauty, Wit, and Virtue, claim thy Care,
" And thy own Bounty's almoſt rivall'd there.

She ſaid—the God aſſents—Death aims t'advance!
Phœbus unſeen arreſts the threat'ning Lance!
Down from his Orb a vivid Radiance ſtreams,
While Herbs impregnate with ſalubrious Beams;
Each wholſome Plant Encreaſe of Virtue knows,
And Art, inſpir'd, with its God's Wiſdom, glows;

At each griev'd Pore inſtill'd, It Hope reveals ;
Each Nerve's new-ſtrung, each Vein new Vigour feels!
Wiſh'd Health abſorbs the moiſt Diſeaſe away,
The Fair-One's Eyes, unſeal'd, new Beams diſplay.
From *Rutland*, ſwift recedes corroding Care :
Now Joy returns to chace away Deſpair!
Each Grace revives, each Muſe reſumes the Lyre,
Each Beauty brightens with re-kindled Fire.
As Health's aſſembled Charms a Bloom diſplay,
Death, ſullen at the Sight, ſtalks ſlow away.

Three COPIES of VERSES, to Mrs. *HOWARD*, Maid of Honour to Her ROYAL HIGHNESS. Sent as from an unknown Hand.

By *AARON HILL*, Eſq;

The SUN-FLOWER.

Copy the Firſt.

I.

A Week's long Abſence had *Liberia* kept,
From thoſe bleſs'd Walks, which us'd her Feet to kiſs;
Returning, ſhe, to view the Garden, ſtept;
The Garden, which was half *Liberia*'s Bliſs!

II.

There, while deſcending, 'twixt the Terras'd Walls,
She ſaw a *Sun-Flower* hang its wither'd Head;
To *Philip*, loud, the wond'ring Charmer calls,
Tell me, ah me! *How came this Sun-Flower dead?*

III.

Madam, 'tis ſtrange, the penſive Servant cry'd,
Still for theſe ten Days paſt, it hourly pin'd!
Freſh *Earths* and *Wat'rings* have in vain been try'd;
I fear 'twas *blaſted* by ſome hurtful Wind!

IV.

Alas! poor faded *Sun-Flower!* anſwer'd ſhe,
And her fair Fingers to the Stalk directs;
Strait, from behind the Leaves, out flies a *Bee*,
And, humming round her, *buzz'd* its *due Reſpects.*

V.

V.

Bright Maid, it ſaid, diſdain not, tho' I'm *ſmall*,
To be inſtructed in your Doubts by *me*;
That *old Waſp*, CUPID, whom a *God* you call,
Is *wing'd*, and *ſting'd*, and *little*, like a *Bee*.

VI.

Your Pity ſeeks the mournful Cauſe to know,
Why this departed Flower thus hangs its Head;
Since *Philip* can't—oh! give me Leave to ſhow,
The ungueſs'd Accident by which it's dead.

VII.

Some ten Days ſince, when dancing from yon Door,
On this ill-fated Spot, you fix'd your Foot;
This ugly Flow'r, you cry'd, *I can't endure!*
And ſtrait cold *Grief* ſhot, tingling, to its Root.

VIII.

Since *then* — each hapleſs Hour, in ſwift Decay,
Has, more and more, conſum'd the with'ring Stalk;
And I, alas! muſt now be driven away!
To ſeek Chance-Honey in ſome leſs-lov'd Walk!

IX.

But, let me, fair Deſtroyer! e'er I go,
One gentle Caution to your Beauty give!
Since, what you *diſapprove*, muſt periſh ſo,
Ah! watch your Words! and let your *Lovers live!*

The

The DISCOVERY.

Copy the Second.

I.

THIS comes to let *Liberia* know,
That *Beauty*'s ſo much Heaven's Care,
That all *Fine Women* ſay or do,
Is mark'd and treaſur'd in the Air!

II.

Hence, I, a Stranger to your Sight,
Whoſe *Hand*, perhaps, you may not know;
Learn all you do, by Day or Night,
As, *by theſe Preſents*, I ſhall *ſhow*.

III.

III.

Your Mem'ry cannot but retain
Some Hint of *Pope*'s preſumptuous Muſe;
Who made, by *Ladies Secrets*, vain,
Did once a *Tell-Tale Subject* chuſe.

IV.

Have you not read him, where he prates,
Of *Arabella*'s raviſh'd *Hair?*
And Stories of thoſe *Sylphs* relates,
Whoſe Task it is to *guard* the *Fair?*

V.

I am That happy *Sylph*, aſſign'd,
To skreen *Liberia*'s Breaſt from Harms;
To flutter round her, in the Wind,
And feaſt my Fancy with her Charms.

VI.

VI.

I have you always in my View;
And t'other Day employ'd my Wit,
With nameleſs Lines to puzzle you,
On the *Grief-wither'd Sun-Flower* writ.

VII.

I, at this Time, in Ambuſh, plac'd,
Snug, under *Mopſy*'s Left-Ear lay,
And laugh'd to hear how wrong you gueſs'd,
Who thought they came *another Way!*

VIII.

'Twas I, your faithful *Sylph*, 'twas I!
That, ever ſtudious of your Eaſe,
My Skill in *Verſe* reſolv'd to try,
In *Verſe*, which moſt the *Fair* can *pleaſe!*

IX.

IX.

Perhaps, 'twill *ſtartle* you, to hear,
How I your Actions hourly *watch*;
That, tho' you *ſee* me *not*, I'm *near*,
And fly each *ſtruggling Sigh* to catch.

X.

Sometimes, in *this* Shape, ſometimes *That*,
My various Duties I perform;
Sometimes a-ſtride your *rambling Cat*,
I ride in *Furr*, and ſhade my Form.

XI.

But, when your ſtroking Hand, I feel,
From the ſoft Back, I leap, with Joy;
My Fairy Fabrick ſtill conceal;
But *Puſſe*'s active *Paws* employ,
And, ſportful, with your ſnowy Fingers toy.

XII.

XII.

Oft, as you ſit, to ſip your Tea,
In a *Fly*'s Shape, your Charms to ſearch,
Seeking ſome Place, where, beſt to *ſee*,
I, on the Lumps of Sugar, perch.

XIII.

There, while, one Day, divinely pleas'd,
I gaz'd, in Raptures, on your Face;
Your Sugar-Tongs the *Captain* ſeiz'd,
And me, betwixt two Lumps, he ſqueez'd;
Half dead upon the Place.

XIV.

But I was *even* with him ſoon,
For catching him, all gay,
At the Park Door, * one Afternoon,
With Hands, too full of Play:

* *The Lady liv'd then in St.* James's *Park.*

I took

I took the Figure of a Gnat,
And, 'midſt his am'rous Strains,
Whisk'd, from your Boſom, where I ſat,
And ſtung his Fingers, for his Pains.

XV.

But, oh! I tremble to relate,
How, by your ſmile-dreſs'd Looks, *bewitch'd*,
I, lately, 'ſcap'd a far worſe Fate,
While you, with Colours ſweetly mix'd,
At Work, in yon cool Arbour, fix'd,
Your *ſilky Mazes* ſtitch'd.

XVI.

There I, again, a luckleſs Fly,
Not dreaming any Danger near,
Bask'd in the Sun-Beams of your Eye,
My little aching Heart to chear!

XVII.

XVII.

When, on a ſudden, thro' and thro',
Your piercing Needle careleſs paſt,
And the dragg'd Silk, ſwift following too,
Bound down my *Tiny Body* faſt

XVIII.

There, had I ſtaid, transfix'd, till now,
Nor miſs'd, nor mourn'd, perhaps, by you!
But that the Stitch, the Lord knows how,
You lik'd not, and, thank Heaven! withdrew!

XIX.

Near you, your Siſter *Celia* ſtood,
Celia, that ſweet, and ſmiling Maid!
When Two, *Park*-wandering Fops were rude,
And you, Two Charmers, both afraid,
Ruſh'd in, and fled, diſmay'd!

XX.

XX.

I then, fair Charge! unknown to you,
By Love, and vow'd Revenge, inſpir'd;
Did, like a *Waſp*, the Fools purſue,
And their looſe Tongues with Venom fir'd.

XXI.

Now learn, ſaid I, when next you ſee,
Yon lovely Pair adorn their Gate,
How ſacred, *modeſt Charms* ſhou'd be!
And what, the bold *Prophaner*'s Fate!

XXII.

Thus, all Day long, is *Seraphil*,
Liberia's wakeful *Sylph*, employ'd!
So rich a Charge claims tenfold Skill;
And Care, ſo charm'd, is Pain enjoy'd.

XXIII.

XXIII.

But when, at Night, the happy Bed,
Receives her ſnowy Limbs to Reſt;
I, Sleep's ſoft Miſt, around her ſpread,
Then ſtretch me, bliſsful, on her Breaſt.

XXIV.

There, till the full-grown Morning ſmiles,
In downy Heavings, loſt, I lie;
Or, wander o'er thoſe Charms, 'twixt whiles,
For which a Thouſand Lovers die!

XXV.

At laſt, unwillingly, I riſe,
And ſeizing faſt her rubied Lip,
In a ſharp biting *Flea*'s Diſguiſe,
I, from her Breath, the Nectar ſip.

XXVI.

And then, *Liberia*, ſtarting, cries,
Duce take this ugly ſharp-mouth'd *Flea!*——
But, now I'm *wak'd*, I think, I'll *riſe*;
So dreſſes — and *ne'er dreams of me!*

XXVII.

Thus, have I honeſtly, at laſt, confeſs'd,
What *little*, *ſcribbling Thing* I'm doom'd to be:
Leſt, growing curious, you might *wrong* have *gueſs'd*,
And thought ſome *other* ſent, what came from *me*.

To LIBERIA, *with a Squirrel.*

Copy the Third.

THeſe my *laſt Lines!* I write with bleeding Heart!
For, oh! *Liberia* and her *Silph* muſt *part!*
I muſt no more engroſs that envied Care,
Which *Angels*, now, in Crowds have *begg'd* to *ſhare!*
Now, I no more muſt flutter, in your Sight,
And, from your Eye-beams, gild my Wings with Light!
No more in Fields of Air, when *Silphs* rejoice,
Dance to the ſoft-tun'd Muſick of your Voice!
Liſten no more, while in the *Mall* you walk,
What the admiring Crowds, that *meet* you, *talk.*

On your right Shoulder's Tip, no more, ſhall blaze,
Bright with the Flaſh of Eyes, which, paſſing, gaze!
And when ſometimes you're *ſad*, no more ſhall I,
See *myſelf* weep, by peeping in *your* Eye!

Theſe Comforts paſt! and mention'd, now, in vain,
Serve but to make Remembrance *ake*, with Pain!
Little, alas! I thought, when laſt I writ,
That I, ſo ſoon, my boaſted Charge muſt *quit!*
Ariel, great Prince, whom All we *Silphs* obey,
Wretch that I am! had order'd *me away!*
Far off, to *Eaſtern Shores*, I was to go,
Where the proud *Turk* keeps *Love*, and *Woman* low!

Where full five hundred *Rival Beauties* ſtrive,
To keep *one* Lover's *lazy Flame* alive;
Where Female Charms are taught the humble Skill,
To court the *Fancy*, and not *bow* the *Will*;
To this new Poſt, preferr'd, I was to fly,
And paſs, before th' imperious *Sultan*'s Eye;

There,

There, in the glitt'ring Palace, dreſs'd, in State,
On ſome new *Favourite Sultaneſs* to wait!

But, ah! *Liberia*, by thy Sweetneſs, *won!*
Thy doating *Silph* was doom'd to be undone!
Theſe proffer'd Honours had no *Charm* for *me*,
I cou'd not *taſte* a Joy, *remote* from *Thee!*
This, when I told our Prince, he lightly weigh'd
My Grief's juſt Cauſe, and thought, I *diſobey'd*;
Swift, he o'ertook me with an angry *Vow*,
And *chang'd* me to the *Shape*, I come in, now!

Scarce had I Time to *write* my wretched Fate,
And begg'd a *Friend* to bring me to your Gate.
Helpleſs, and *dumb*, ah! whither ſhould I go,
But to her Breaſt, whoſe pitying Soul I *know?*
She, who to *Puſſe*, and *Mopſy*, kind can be,
Will ſure, thought I, have ſome Concern for *me!*
Weak tho' I am, ſome *Gratitude* is due!
I claim *Your* Care, for my *paſt* Care of *You!*

Elſewhere, I *will not* my new Wants ſupply;
And when *you* ſtarve me, 'twill be *Time to die!*
I may, hereafter, ſome ſmall Service do,
For yet my Body's weak, my Form but new;
If you but pleaſe, to help me thro' my *Youth*,
And with ſoft Bisket, now preſerve *my Tooth*,
Grateful, when I grow up, I'll keep *yours* ſtrong,
And *crack Nuts* for you, all *the glad Day long!*
If, kind, you bleſs me with your own ſweet Care,
And ſhield me from the pinching *Wintry Air*;
Cloſe, round your Neck, like a warm *Tippet* roll'd,
In froſty Nights, I'll guard you from the Cold!
And while, in your ſoft Hand, you let me play,
I'll *growl* the *Captain*'s *Rivals* all away!
Refuſe not, then, tho' *chang'd*, to *keep* me *ſtill!*
And, oh! remember, *PUG* was *SERAPHIL!*

The

The Motto, on PUG's *Collar.*

I Am no common, *Earth-born Pug*,
My Name is *SERAPHIL*;
Once, I was fair *LIBERIA*'s *Silph*,
And am her *Servant*, ſtill.

A SONG.

By WILLIAM POPPLE, *Gent.*

Cupid, and *Venus* jointly ſtrove
To warm *Amintor*'s Heart,
And give him all the Joys of Love,
Unmix'd with any Smart.

II.

Venus adviſ'd, from ev'ry Fair,
To ſteal the ſweeteſt Grace;
No, no, ſays *Cupid*, eaſe yoor Care,
They meet in *Mordaunt*'s Face.

The LOVER'S COMPLAINT, *from* Arioſto.

By AARON HILL, *Eſq*;

IF on the tow'ring *Alps* amazing Height,
Whoſe horrid Tops our climbing Eyes affright!
If there, my *Silvia*, thou had'ſt chanc'd to be,
The piny Product of ſome *teming Tree*,
Untouch'd by humane *Pity*, might'ſt thou grow,
And, never *bending*, but when *Tempeſts* blow;
Nod, *ſullen*, o'er the Vales, that *weep* below;
Even *Pines* and *Oaks* can bow to *Winds*; and be
As flexible, as *Silvia*'s *Heart* to *me!*
The cold, rough *Ocean*, whoſe inſatiate Waves
Flow, to *devour*; whoſe very *Smiles*, are *Graves!*

Of

Of all its *monſtrous Forms*, has none, ſo *cold*,
Nor does *one Rock*, in its vaſt Boſom, hold,
That, had it *Senſe*, ſuch *Cruelty* would ſhow,
To *triumph* in the ſhipwreck'd Sailor's *Woe*.
Nothing in Nature does ſo *fix'd* remain,
But circling *Fire* can gradual Entrance gain,
And all, but *Thee*, once *lov'd*, will *love again*.

To Mr. JOHN DYER, *a* Painter, *adviſing him to draw a certain* Noble *and* Illuſtrious Perſon, *occaſioned by ſeeing his Picture of the Celebrated* CLIO.

By Mr. SAVAGE, *Son of the late Earl* RIVERS.

FOrgive an artleſs, an officious Friend,
Weak, when I judge, but willing to commend;
Fall'n as I am, by no kind Fortune rais'd,
Depreſs'd, obſcur'd, unpitied, and unprais'd;
Yet, when theſe well-known Features I peruſe,
Some Warmth awakes,——Some Embers of a Muſe.

Ye

Ye Muſes, Graces, and ye Loves appear!
Your Queen, your *Venus*, and your *Clio*'s here!
In ſuch pure Fires her riſing Thoughts refine!
Her Eyes with ſuch commanding Sweetneſs ſhine:
Such vivid Tinctures ſure through Æther glow,
Stain Summer Clouds, or gild the Watry Bow:
If Life *Pigmalion*'s Iv'ry Fav'rite fir'd,
Sure ſome enamour'd God this Draught inſpir'd!
Or, if you raſhly caught *Promethean* Flame,
Shade the ſweet Theft, and mar the beauteous Frame!
Yet if thoſe chearing Lights the Proſpect fly,
Ah! — Let no pleaſing View the Loſs ſupply.
Some dreary Den, ſome deſart Waſte prepare,
Wild as my Thoughts, or dark as my Deſpair.

But ſtill, my Friend, ſtill the ſweet Object ſtays,
Still ſtream your Colours rich with *Clio*'s Rays!
Sure at each kindling Touch your Canvaſs glows!
Sure the full Form, inſtinct with Spirit, grows!

Let

Let the dull Artiſt puzzling Rules explore,
Dwell on the Face, and gaze the Features o'er;
You eye the Soul — there genuine Nature find,
You, thro' the Meaning Muſcles, ſtrike the Mind.

Nor can one View ſuch boundleſs Pow'r confine,
All Nature opens to an Art like thine!
Now rural Scenes in ſimple Grandeur riſe!
Vales, Hills, Lawns, Lakes, and Vineyards feaſt our Eyes!
Now *Halcyon* Peace a ſmiling Aſpect wears!
Now the Red Scene with War and Ruin glares!
Here *Britain*'s Fleets o'er *Europe*'s Seas preſide!
There long-loſt Cities rear their ancient Pride!
You from the Grave can half redeem the Slain,
And bid great *Julius* charm the World again:
Mark out *Pharſalia*'s, mark out *Munda*'s Fray,
And image all the Honours of the Day.

But

But if new Glories moſt our Warmth excite;
If Toils untry'd to nobleſt Aims invite;
Would you in envied Pomp unrivall'd reign,
Oh, let *Horatius* grace the Canvaſs Plain!
His Form might ev'n Idolatry create,
In Lineage, Titles, Wealth, and Worth elate!
Empires to him might Virgin Honours owe,
From him Arts, Arms and Laws new Influence know.
For him kind Suns on Fruits and Grains ſhall ſhine,
And future Gold lie rip'ning in the Mine:
For him fine Marble in the Quarry lies,
Which, in due Statues, to his Fame ſhall riſe.
Thro' thoſe bright Features *Cæſar*'s Spirit trace,
Each conq'ring Sweetneſs, each Imperial Grace,
All that is ſoft, or eminently great,
In Love, in War, in Knowledge, or in State.

Thus ſhall your Colours, like his Worth amaze!
Thus ſhall you charm, enrich'd with *Clio*'s Praiſe!

Clear,

Clear, and more clear, your Golden Genius ſhines;
While my dim Lamp of Life obſcure declines:
Dull'd in damp Shades it waſtes, unſeen, away,
While yours, triumphant, grows one Blaze of Day.

The

The Hundred and Fourth PSALM, *Paraphraſed.*

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

I.

NOW, while my Heav'n-tun'd Harp is rightly ſtrung,
Soar my wing'd Soul, and let thy God be ſung.
Cloath'd with embodied Light, he reigns ſublime;
And graſps Eternity! and governs Time!
From his fear'd Wrath, the Sun's fierce Blaze retires;
And dark Convulſions ſhake his ſick'ning Fires.
Conſcious of Beams, which dazzle Nature's Eye,
And which, but once, to view, were then to die;
Kindly,

Kindly, th' unequal Sight of Man to skreen,
God, like a Curtain, drew out Heav'n between.
Dreadfully known, in awful Fires he glides;
Or veil'd, in Clouds, his ſelf-roll'd Chariots, rides!
He walks upon the Wings, which guide the Wind;
Steps beyond Worlds, and leaves ev'n Thought behind.

II.

Myriads of Angels his Commands fulfil;
Angels! the Heralds of Almighty Will!
Light'nings, in Millions, ſweep his fiery Way;
And round his Paths in blue *Mæanders* play!
The firm-fix'd Ballance of the pendant Globe,
To neither Bias partial ſway'd,
Poiz'd, at his Word, has from Time's Birth obey'd.

III.

The cov'ring Deep drew off the World's wet Robe,
Gave back, and fill'd the Channels he had made:

But,

But, (tow'ring as the Hills!) reluctant, ſtaid;
Diſpleas'd with its new Bounds,—and yet afraid,
It's old to re-invade!
The ſtubborn, and diſdainful Flood,—no more,
High-licens'd, as before,
Oft with bold Vengeance would devour the Shore:
But when the Rebel Surges ſwell too high,
And ſprinkle Heav'n's eternal Eye;
Sudden, the watchful Prohibitions riſe;
The ſtarting Flood hears!—ſhakes!—and flies!
Down ſink her watry Mountains from the Sky,
And huſh'd, in humble Flatneſs lie!
Yet, at the Sov'reign Will, they quit their Beds,
And climb above the Mountains loftieſt Heads!
Thence, call'd; again ruſh down at God's Controul,
And, o'er broad Kingdoms, in wild Tempeſt roll!
Looſe, as they are, they feel th'Almighty's Check:
They know th' appointed Bounds, and watch th' imperious Beck!

IV.

To Life's cold Treaſury; the briny Deep,
Thro' earth-form'd Lab'rinths taught to ſlide,
Fruitful of Springs, the winding Currents creep;
Thence, trickling, into Rivulets they glide:
Slow-travelling, they trace their mazy Way,
And, 'twixt th' enamour'd Hills, delightful ſtray:
Sweet and exhauſtleſs Stores of limpid Drink,
For each wild Thirſt, that ſeeks the ſmiling Brink!
And in the Groves, that bord'ring riſe,
Sit hous'd, the warbling Songſters of the Skies.
But the proud Mountains, which ambitious grow,
Nor will to humble Vales Refreſhment owe,
Sip the moiſt Clouds, and cool their Heads in Snow.

V.

Amazing Goodneſs!—Where's the ſmalleſt Space,
That does not feel his pow'rful Grace?

The

The Herds, luxuriant, crop the flow'ry Mead;
Fruit was for Man's ſuperior Taſte decreed:
For him, th' inſpiring Grape was taught to bleed.
Bread-bearing Corn ſupports the Lab'rer's Toil,
And his rough Skin relents with ſoft'ning Oil.

VI.

Call'd, at fix'd Times, up rolls the changeful Moon,
And ſhoots her ſhad'wy Gleam thro' Night's black Noon!
Swift, tho' the Light, from its high Source, deſcends,
It dares not dart its Way one Thought too ſoon;
Yet, at God's Word, the Flag of Day is furl'd,
And licens'd Darkneſs riſes o'er the World!
Then does the gloomy Foreſt ſhake;
And ſummon'd *Savages* their Sallies make:
The panting Herds creep, terrify'd, away;
While the ſtern *Lion*, hungry, roars for Prey!

God ſuffers him his meant Support to take,
And then *new-wakes* the *Day*.

VII.

The *Sea*'s wild Herds, as well as thoſe, of *Land*,
Rough molded *Sons*, too, of *thy* formful Hand!
All *live*, and *move*, by thy Command.
That horrid Scene fatigues the aking Eye!
There canvaſs'd Ships the op'ning Depths defy;
There does *Leviathan* wide-wallowing, lie!
And, while his Sports the finny Nations fly,
Th' unwieldy Monſter ſucks in Seas; and ſpouts
'em at the Sky.
On Thee, great Maker! all thy Creatures wait;
And, in due Seaſon, all by Thee are fed:
Thy all-deciding Pleaſure is their Fate!
They ſeek, but what thy op'ning Hand has ſpread.
Soon, as thou hid'ſt thy Face, we fall away
To *unform'd Duſt*, and old *paternal Clay*.

VIII.

VIII.

Time ſhall have End ; but God ſhall ſtill endure !
The ſelf-rais'd Pillars of thy Pow'r ſtand ſure !
The Mountain-Tops would *ſmoke*, if *touch'd* by *Thee !*
And *Earth* flow, liquid, and o'erwhelm the *Sea.*

The GENTLEMAN.

Addreſs'd to John Joliffe, *Eſq;*

By Mr. SAVAGE, *Son of the late Earl* RIVERS.

A Decent Mien, an Elegance of Dreſs,
Words, which, at Eaſe, each winning Grace expreſs;
A Life, where Love, by Wiſdom poliſh'd, ſhines,
Where Wiſdom's ſelf again, by Love, refines;
A Mind, where Pity, Mirth, and Friendſhip reign;
A Nature ever great, and never vain:
A Wit, that no licentious Pertneſs knows;
The Senſe, that unaſſuming Candour ſhows;

A

A Love of Learning, Knowledge of Mankind,
Meekneſs, unſervile, and a Taſte refin'd;
Unwilling cenſure; yet a Judgment clear,
A Smile indulgent, and a Soul ſincere:
If Theſe, Eſteem and Admiration, raiſe;
If where Theſe live, they form a living Praiſe;
In one bright View, th' accompliſh'd Man we ſee;
Theſe Virtues all are Thine, and thou art He.

On ROSALINDA.

By WILLIAM POPPLE, *Eſq;*

TO *Roſalinda*'s Eyes, who not ſubmit,
Fall the proud Victims of her conqu'ring Wit;
And all, whoſe Dulneſs dares her Wit deſpiſe,
Bow to the piercing Influ'nce of her Eyes.
Thou then, who wiſheſt not her Slave to be,
Become but *deaf* and *blind* —— And thou art free.

EPI-

EPITAPH *on a* LADY *who lov'd Talking.*

By AARON HILL, *Esq*;

HOW apt are Men to lye? How dare they ſay,
When Life is loſt, all Learning fleets away?
Since this glad Grave holds *Chloe*, fair and young,
Who, where ſhe is, firſt learnt to *hold her Tongue*.

Mart.

Mart. Epig. 59. Lib. 7. *Ad Jovem Capitolinum.*

By the Same.

GReat *Capitolian Jove!* —— Thou God, to whom,
Our *Cæſar* owes that Bliſs he ſheds on *Rome!*
While proſtrate Crowds thy daily Bounty tire,
And all thy Bleſſings for themſelves deſire;
Accuſe me not of Pride, that I alone
Put up no Prayer, that may be call'd *my own!*
For *Cæſar's* Wants, Oh *Jove!* I ſue to thee!
Cæſar, himſelf, can grant what's fit for *me.*

In

In Pompeios, &c. ---- from *Mart.*

By the ſame.

GReat *Pompey*'s Aſhes in vile *Egypt* lie,
His Sons in *Europe* and in *Aſia* die.
What Wonder that theſe Three ſo diſtant died?
So vaſt a Ruin cou'd not ſpread leſs wide.

The ENQUIRY.

By Mr. JOHN DYER, *of* Carmarthenſhire.

YE poor little Sheep, ah well may ye ſtray,
While ſad is your Shepherd, and *Clio* away!
Tell where have you been, have you met with my Love,
On the Mountain, or Valley, or Meadow, or Grove?
Alas-aday, No — Ye are ſtarv'd and half dead,
Ye ſaw not my Love, or ye all had been fed.

Oh, Sun, did you ſee her? — Ay ſurely you did:
Mong what Willows, or Woodbines, or Reeds, is ſhe hid?

Ye

Ye tall, whiſtling Pines, that on yonder Hill grow,
And o'erlook the beautiful Valley below,
Did you ſee her a roving in Wood or in Brake?
Or bathing her fair Limbs in ſome ſilent Lake?

Ye Mountains, that look on the vigorous Eaſt,
And the North, and the South, and the wearifom
Weſt,
Pray tell where ſhe hides her, you ſurely do know,
And let not her Lover pine after her ſo.

Oh, had I the Wings of an Eagle, I'd fly,
Along with bright *Phœbus* all over the Sky.
Like an Eagle, look down, with my Wings wide
diſplay'd,
And dart in my Eyes at each whiſp'ring Shade:
I'd ſearch ev'ry Tuft in my diligent Tour,
I'd unravel the Woodbines, and look in each Bow'r,
Till I found out my *Clio*, and ended my Pain,
And made my ſelf quiet, and happy again.

A SONG.

By WILLIAM POPPLE, *Esq;*

I.

WHY shou'd those Eyes, *Florella*, wear
A chilling Scorn to me;
Yet ardent gaze on one, who ne'er
Yet felt a Sigh for thee?

II.

Or why, if you are not decreed,
To ease Another's Pain,
Am I not of my Passion freed?
Or you of your Disdain?

III.

III.

Forbear, fond Youth, *Florella* ſaid,
And blame not me, but Fate,
You're doom'd, alas! by her betray'd,
To Love, and I to hate.

A Lock of SYLVIA'S *Hair in Brown Paper.*

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

LET it not move thy Wonder that I place
So rich a Treaſure in ſo poor a Caſe.
That Sun-bleſs'd Land, where the proud Diamond grows,
All Wealth at Heart a barren Surface ſhews;
So conſcious Virtue, ſatisfied within,
Diſdains to wear the Prize ſhe loves to win.

The

The Country Walk.

By Mr. JOHN DYER, *of* Carmarthenshire.

THE Morning's fair, the lusty Sun,
With ruddy Cheek begins to run;
And early Birds, that wing the Skies,
Sweetly sing to see him rise.

I am resolv'd, this charming Day,
In the open Field to stray,
And have no Roof above my Head,
But that whereon the Gods do tread.
Before the yellow Barn I see
A beautiful Variety

Of

Of ſtrutting Cocks, advancing ſtout,
And flirting empty Chaff about.
Hens, Ducks, and Geeſe, and all their Brood,
And Turkeys gobling for their Food;
While Ruſticks thraſh the wealthy Floor,
And tempt all to crowd the Door.

What a fair Face does Nature ſhow?
Auguſta, wipe thy duſty Brow;
A Landskip wide ſalutes my Sight,
Of ſhady Vales, and Mountains bright;
And azure Heavens I behold,
And Clouds of Silver and of Gold.
And now into the Fields I go,
Where Thouſand flaming Flowers glow;
And ev'ry neighb'ring Hedge I greet,
With Honey-ſuckles ſmelling ſweet.
Now o'er the daiſy Meads I ſtray,
And meet with, as I pace my way,

Sweetly ſhining on the Eye,
A Riv'let gliding ſmoothly by;
Which ſhews with what an eaſy Tide
The Moments of the happy glide.
Here, finding Pleaſure after Pain,
Sleeping I ſee a wearied Swain,
While his full Scrip lies open by,
That does his healthy Food ſupply.

Happy Swain, ſure happier far
Than lofty Kings and Princes are!
Enjoy ſweet Sleep, which ſhuns the Crown,
With all its eaſy Beds of Down.

The Sun now ſhows his Noon-tide Blaze,
And ſheds around me burning Rays.
A little onward, and I go
Into the Shade that Groves beſtow;
And on green Moſs I lay me down,
That o'er the Root of Oak has grown;

Where

Where all is ſilent, but ſome Flood,
That ſweetly murmurs in the Wood;
But Birds that warble in the Sprays,
And charm ev'n *Silence* with their Lays.

Oh pow'rful *Silence*, how you reign
In the Poets buſy Brain!
His num'rous Thoughts obey the Calls
Of the tuneful Water-falls.
Like Moles, whene'er the Coaſt is clear,
They riſe before thee without Fear,
And range in Parties here and there.

Some wildly to *Parnaſſus* wing,
And view the fair *Caſtalian* Spring;
Where they behold a lonely Well,
Where now no tuneful Muſes dwell;
But now and then a ſlaviſh Hind
Padling the troubled Pool they find.

Some trace the pleaſing Paths of Joy,
Others the bliſsful Scene deſtroy;
In thorny Tracks of Sorrow ſtray,
And pine for *Clio* far away.
But ſtay — Methinks her Lays I hear,
So ſmooth! ſo ſweet! ſo deep! ſo clear!
No, 'tis not her Voice I find,
Tis but the *Eccho* ſtays behind.

Some meditate ambitious Brow,
And the black Gulph that gapes below:
Some peep in Courts, and there they ſee
The ſneaking Tribe of Flattery.
But, ſtriking to the Ear and Eye,
A nimble Deer comes bounding by!
When ruſhing from yon ruſtling Spray,
It made 'em vaniſh all away.

I rouſ

I rouſe me up, and on I rove,
'Tis more than time to leave the Grove.
The Sun declines, the Evening Breeze
Begins to whiſper thro' the Trees;
And as I leave the Sylvan Gloom,
As to the Glare of Day I come,
An old Man's ſmoky Neſt I ſee,
Leaning on an aged Tree;
Whoſe willow Walls and furzy Brow
A little Garden ſway below.
Thro' ſpreading Beds of blooming Green,
Matted with Herbage ſweet, and clean,
A Vein of Water limps along,
And makes 'em ever green, and young.
Here he puffs upon his Spade,
And digs up Cabbage in the Shade:
His tatter'd Rags are ſable brown,
His Beard and Hair are hoary grown;
The dying Sap deſcends apace,
And leaves a wither'd Hand and Face.

Up * *Grongar Hill* I labour now,
And catch at laſt his Buſhy Brow.
Oh how freſh, how pure the Air!
Let me breathe a little here.
Where am I, Nature? I deſcry
Thy Magazine before me lie!
Temples! — and Towns! — and Tow'rs! — and
Woods!
And Hills! — and Vales! — and Fields! — and
Floods!
Crowding before me, edg'd around
With naked Wilds, and barren Ground.

See below the pleaſant Dome,
The Poet's Pride, the Poet's Home,
Which the Sun-Beams ſhine upon,
To the Even, from the Dawn.

---

* *A Hill in* South Wales.

See her Woods where *Eccho* talks,
Her Gardens trim, her Terras Walks,
Her Wilderneſſes, fragrant Brakes,
Her gloomy Bowers, and ſhining Lakes.
Keep, ye Gods, this humble Seat,
For ever pleaſant, private, neat.

See yonder Hill, upriſing ſteep,
Above the River ſlow and deep:
It looks from hence a Pyramid,
Beneath a verdant Foreſt hid;
On whoſe high Top there riſes great,
The mighty Remnant of a Seat,
An old green Tow'r, whoſe batter'd Brow
Frowns upon the Vale below.

Look upon that flow'ry Plain,
How the Sheep ſurround their Swain,
How they crowd to hear his Strain!

All careleſs, with his Legs acroſs,
Leaning on a Bank of Moſs,
He ſpends his empty Hours at play,
Which fly as light as Down away.

And there behold a bloomy Mead,
A Silver Stream, a Willow Shade,
Beneath the Shade a *Fiſher* ſtand,
Who, with the Angle in his Hand,
Swings the nibling Fry to Land.

In Bluſhes the deſcending Sun,
Kiſſes the Streams, while ſlow they run;
And yonder Hill remoter grows,
Or dusky Clouds do interpoſe.
The Fields are left, the lab'ring Hind
His weary Oxen does unbind;
And vocal Mountains, as they low,
Re-eccho to the Vales below.

The jocund Shepherds piping come,
And drive the Herd before 'em home;
And now begin to light their Fires,
Which ſend up Smoke in curling Spires!
While, with light Hearts, All homeward tend,
To * *Abergaſney* I deſcend.

But, Oh! how bleſs'd wou'd be the Day,
Did I with *Clio* pace my way,
And not alone, and ſolitary ſtray.

* *The Name of a Seat belonging to the Author's Brother.*

To the Author of the foregoing Verſes, a PAINTER, *on his attempting a* LADY'S *Picture.*

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

SOul of your honour'd Art! — What Man can do,
In copying Nature, may be reach'd by you.
Your peopling Pencil a new World can give,
And, like *Deucalion*, teach the Stones to live.
From your creating Hand a War may flow,
And your warm Strokes with breathing Action glow.

But from that Angel-Form to catch the Grace,
And kindle up your Canvaſs with her Face!

All

All unconſum'd, to ſnatch the living Fire,
And limn th' Ideas that thoſe Eyes inſpire;
Strong to your burning Circle, to confine
That awe mix'd Sweetneſs, and that Air Divine!
That ſparkling Soul, that lightens from within,
And flaſhes unſpoke Meanings, thro' her Skin.

This if you can — (Hard Task! and yet unprov'd)
Then ſhall you be ador'd, as now belov'd.
Then ſhall your Heav'n-aſpiring Colours find
The Art to picture Thought, and paint the Wind!
To transfuſe Qualities — lame Senſe ſupply,
And ſtrike caught Whiſpers to the liſt'ning Eye!
Then ſhall you give Air Shape, impriſon Space,
And mount the Painter to the Maker's Place.

GRON.

GRONGAR HILL.

By Mr. JOHN DYER, *of* Carmarthenſhire.

I.

FAncy! Nymph, that loves to lye
On the lonely Eminence;
Darting Notice thro' the Eye,
Forming Thought, and feaſting Senſe:
Thou! that muſt lend Imagination Wings,
And ſtamp Diſtinction, on all worldly Things!
Come, and with thy various *Hues*,
Paint and adorn thy *Siſter* Muſe.
Now, while the Sun's hot Courſers, bounding high;
Shake Luſtre on the Earth, and burn, along the Sky.

II.

II.

More than *Olympus* animates my Lays,
Aid me, o'erlabour'd, in its wide ſurveys;
And crown its Summit with immortal Praiſe:
Thou, aweful *Grongar!* in whoſe moſſy Cells,
Sweetly-muſing *Quiet* dwells:
Thou! deep, beneath whoſe ſhado'wy Side,
Oft, my ſick Mind ſerene Refreſhment took,
Near the cool winding of ſome bubbling Brook:
There have I, penſive, preſs'd the graſſy Bed,
And, while my bending Arm ſuſtain'd my Head,
Stray'd my charm'd Eyes o'er *Towy*'s wand'ring Tide,
Swift as a Start of Thought, from Wood to Mead,
Glancing, from dark to bright, from Vale to Hill,
Till tir'd Reflection had no *Void* to fill.

III.

Widening, beneath the Mountain's buſhy Brow,
Th' unbounded Landskip ſoftens off below;

No

No skreeny Vapours intervene;
But the gay, the ſplendid Scene,
Does Nature's ſmiling Face all *open* ſhow,
In the mix'd Glowings of the tinctur'd *Bow*.
And, gently changing, into ſoft and light,
Expands immenſely wide, and leads the *journeying*
Sight.

IV.

White, on the rugged Cliffs, Old *Caſtles* riſe,
And ſhelter'd Villages lie warm and low,
Cloſe by the Streams that at their *Baſes* flow.
Each watry Face bears pictur'd Woods, and Skies,
Where, as the Surface curls, when Breezes riſe,
Faint fairy Earthquakes tremble to the Eyes.
Up thro' the Foreſt's Gloom, diſtinguiſh'd, bright,
Tops of high Buildings catch the Light:
The quick'ning Sun a ſhow'ry Radiance ſheds,
And lights up all the Mountain's ruſſet Heads.
Gilds the fair Fleeces of the diſtant Flocks;
And, glittering, plays betwixt the broken Rocks.

Light,

Light, as the Luſtre of the riſing Dawn,
Spreads the gay Carpet of yon level Lawn:
Till a ſteep Hill ſtarts horrid, wild, and high,
Whoſe Form uncommon holds the wond'ring Eye;
Deep is its Baſe, in *Towy*'s bord'ring Flood,
Its briſtly Sides are ſhagg'd with ſullen Wood:
Towers, ancient as the Mountain, crown its Brow,
Aweful in Ruin, to the Plains below.
Thick round the ragged Walls pale Ivy creeps,
Whoſe circling Arms the nodding Fabrick keeps;
While both combine to check th' inſulting Wind,
As Friends, in Danger, mutual Comfort find.

V.

Once a proud Palace, This, — a Seat of Kings!
Alas! th' o'erturning Sweep of Time's broad Wings!
Now, 'tis the Raven's bleak Abode,
And ſhells, in marbly Damps, the inbred Toad.
There the ſafe Fox, unfearing Huntſmen, feeds;
And climbs o'er Heaps of Stone to pendant Weeds.

The

The Prince's Tenure in his Roofs of Gold,
Ends like the Peaſant's homelier Hold;
Life's but a Road, and he who travels right,
Treats Fortune as an Inn, and reſts his Night.

VI.

Ever changing, ever new,
Thy Scenes, O *Grongar!* cannot tire the View:
Lowly Vallies, waving Woods,
Windy Summits, wildly high,
Rough, and ruſtling in the Sky!
The pleaſaht Seat, the ruin'd Tower;
The naked Rock, the roſy Bower;
The Village and the Town, the Palace and the Farm,
Each does, on each, reflect a doubled Charm;
As Pearls look brighter on an *Æthiop*'s Arm.

VII.

Southward, along the Mountain's waving Side,
The Vale grows liberal, and the Proſpect wide.

Glowing

Glowing, beneath a kind and purply Sky,
Broad flower-dreſs'd Meadows and rich Paſtures lie.
Green Hedges, in long Parallels, are ſeen;
And ſilv'ry Lawns draw Streaks of Light between:
Diſtant, thoſe *Thorns* diminiſh'd ſcarce appear;
As Dangers ſcape, unſeen, that are not *near*.
Smiling, like this fair Proſpect, ſoft and gay,
The flatt'ring Glaſs of Hope our *Future* ſhows;
But Ills, *at hand*, their Face, unmask'd diſplay,
And Fortune *rougher* ſtill when *nearer*, grows:
Still we tread, tir'd, along the ſame deep Way;
And ſtill the *preſent* proves a *cloudy* Day.
O, may I ever with my ſelf agree,
Nor hope the unpoſſeſs'd Delights I ſee!
Nobly content, within ſome ſilent Shade,
My Paſſions calm, and my proud Wiſhes laid:
Ne'er may Deſire's rough *Sea* beneath me roll,
Drown my wiſh'd Peace, and *tempeſt* all my Soul!
While, idly buſy, I but beat the Air,
And, lab'ring after Bliſs, emboſom Care!

VIII.

Here, while on humble Earth, unmark'd I lie,
I ſubject *Heav'n* and *Nature* to my Eye;
Solid, my Joys, and my free Thoughts run high.
For me, this ſoft'ning Wind in *Zephyrs* ſings,
And in yon flow'ry Vale perfumes his Wings.
To ſooth my Ear, thoſe Waters murmur deep;
To ſhade my Eye, theſe bow'ry Woodbines creep.
Wanton, to yield me Sport, theſe Birds fly low;
And a ſweet *Chaſe* of Harmony beſtow.
Like me too yon ſweet Stream ſerenely glides;
Juſt *views* and *quits* the Charms which tempt its Sides:
Calmly regardleſs, haſt'ning to the Sea,
As I, thro' *Life*, ſhall reach *Eternity*.

The Diſtinction of AGES.

By AARON HILL, *Eſq*;

THE *Seven* firſt Years of Life (Man's Break of Day)
Gleams of ſhort Senſe a *Dawn* of *Thought* diſplay.
When *Fourteen* Springs have bloom'd his downy Cheek,
His ſoft and bluſhful *Meanings* learn to *ſpeak.*
From *Twenty-one*, proud Manhood takes its Date,
Yet is not Strength compleat till *Twenty-eight.*
Thence to his *Five and thirtieth*, Life's gay Fire
Sparkles, burns loud, and flames in *fierce Deſire*;
At *Forty-two*, his Eyes grave *Wiſdom* wear;
And the *dark Future* dims him o'er with *Care.*

On to the *Nine and fortieth*, Toils increaſe;
And buſy Hopes and Fears diſturb his *Peace*.
At *Fifty-ſix*, cool Reaſon reigns entire,
Then Life burns *ſteddy*, and with *temp'rate Fire*.
But *Sixty-three* unbinds the Body's Strength;
E'er th' unwearied *Mind* has run her Length.
And, when from *Seventy*, Age *ſurveys her laſt*,
Tired, ſhe ſtops ſhort, — and wiſhes *all were paſt*.

The THEFT.

A SONG.

By Mr. CONCANEN.

I.

WHY are thoſe Charms by Frowns diſgrac'd,
Too lovely, and too coy!
Since from your Lips, with tim'rous Haſte,
I ſnatch'd tranſporting Joy?

II.

Too well I rue the hapleſs Theft!
Too fatal your Diſdain!
I loſt — Ah, no! my Life is left,
I feel it by the Pain.

III.

Sure, might I taſte another ſuch,
So warm with keen Deſire;
My Soul, exulting at the Touch,
Wou'd, thro' my Lips, expire.

IV.

Then, *Julia*, take my parting Breath,
In ſuch another Kiſs;
Glut your Revenge, and let my Death
Attone the raviſh'd Bliſs.

The VISION.

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

SICK of the worthleſs World, and courting Reſt,
My ſullen Soul, with penſive Weight oppreſt,
Diſturb'd, and mournful, ſought the ſilent Shade,
And fed Reflection in the breezy Glade;
Stretch'd on the graſſy Margin of a Brook,
Whoſe murm'ring Fellowſhip my Mind partook;
Actively *idle*, I repining lay,
Gaz'd on the Flood, and ſigh'd the Stream away.

Who knows, I cry'd, what Courſe thou art to paſs,
Sweet Stream! that now creep'ſt ſoftly thro' this Graſs?

Anon, perhaps, in gradual Flow, ſlid hence,
Thy deep'ning Current fills ſome moated Fence!
Hems ſome rude Farm, where peaceful Ruſticks meet,
And their ſweet Bread, in fearleſs Quiet eat!
Thence, thro' ſome thoughtleſs Lord's proud Garden, led,
Thou may'ſt, unthank'd, thy fruitful Influence ſpread;
Yet, charm'd and ling'ring, thou may'ſt wiſh to ſtay,
And hoarſly murm'ring, roll, diſpleas'd, away!
But while with careleſs Courſe thou journey'ſt ſlow,
Oft halting to look back at this fair Show;
Some Precipice, that in cloſe Ambuſh lies,
Thy Virgin Current ſhall, at once, ſurprize,
Down whoſe ſteep Channel tumbling, frighted, o'er,
Swift ſhalt thou ruſh, with unavailing Roar!
Sullied, thenceforth, thy ſilver Shine ſhall die,
And dusky Depth ſome ſtagnate Fen ſupply;
Where ſhadow'd Reeds in thy ſlow Flood ſhall ſhake,
And Tides fly, trembling, from the Gloom they make;

Glad

Glad to abridge ſo unbelov'd a Space,
Thou may'ſt wind ſhort, and new direct the Race!
Thro' verdant Meadows, freed, may'ſt, fearleſs fly,
Till Cattle ſip thee, as thou flow'ſt too nigh;
Then, for Protection of thy ruffled Charms,
Thou ſhalt creep cloſe to ſome *Great* Lover's Arms!
Some ſtately Stream, by Keely Courtſhip preſt,
And mark'd with Wealth's proud Furrows on his Breaſt;
Grave *Thames* may next receive thy mix'd Embrace,
And fam'd *Auguſta* ſee thy ſullied Face;
From her kiſs'd Feet thy ſcatter'd Flood may ſtray,
And to the ſwallowing Ocean roll away!
There, waſted Stream! in Wind-driv'n Billows toſt,
Thy oft chang'd Being ſhall be wholly loſt.

So, gentle Brook, I cry'd, does *Humane Life*,
Midſt endleſs Changes and in hourly Strife,
Glide with Impatience thro' unknown Events,
Till Nature asks Repoſe, and Death conſents!

Why

Why then is ſuch a Life ſo long deſir'd?
By what Purſuits is vain Ambition fir'd?
Friendſhip is loſt, and Pity laugh'd away,
And Men, like Beaſts, each on the other prey;
Ev'n the ſoft Sex their Angel-Sweetneſs hide,
With inward Artifice, and outward Pride!
Beauty's ſpoil'd Shafts no more the Soul can hit,
Blunted by Folly, or miſled by Wit!
Nothing is left worth wiſhing for on Earth,
And Death becomes a gentler Woe than Birth!

While thus I mourn'd, back roll'd the frighted Brook,
Low bow'd the Trees; the Bank beneath me ſhook;
Deſcending Radiance flaſh'd upon the Ground,
And ſpread a Flood of dazling Luſtre round!
Struck with the ſtrong Refulgence, blind I lay,
Buried in Brightneſs, and o'erwhelm'd with Day!
Oft I look'd up, and wou'd have bleſs'd my Sight,
But ſtrove, in vain, to ſtem the Tide of Light!

Still

Still as my Eyes aſpir'd their Balls ſtruck Fire,
And wept in watry Blindneſs daſh'd Deſire!
The unſeen Phantom's Voice, beginning loud,
Broke on the Ear, as Thunder rends a Cloud;
But ſoftning more and more, grew ſweet and kind,
And charm'd like Muſick, melting in the Wind.

Truth viſits thee, ſhe ſaid, to bring thee Peace,
To bid thy Diffidence in *Woman* ceaſe;
To reconcile thy Soul to half Mankind,
New-wing thy Tranſports, and unclog thy Mind!
There lives a Charmer whom, divinely fir'd,
Ev'n her whole Sex's Virtues have inſpir'd;
Where all that's manly, joins with all that's ſweet,
And in whoſe Breaſt engroſs'd Perfections meet!
Her Worth no conſcious Pride of Merit ſtains,
O'er her wide Soul impartial Reaſon reigns;
Blind to her Beams, ſhe feels not her own Flame,
And over-winning, undervalues Fame!

While ſparkling Gayneſs wantons in her Eye,
In her wiſe Soul the laughing *Cupids* die;
A thouſand Graces round her Perſon play,
A thouſand Muſes mark her Fancy's Way!
To hear her ſpeak, the Thought with Rapture fills!
Her Looks alarm! — But when ſhe *writes*, ſhe kills!
Riſe then and meet her, as ſhe this Way ſtrays,
And thy own Wonder ſhall outſpeak my Praiſe!

The Goddeſs vaniſh'd to her native Skies,
And the recover'd Shade unbarr'd my Eyes;
I look'd, and deep within the honour'd Wood,
Lovely *Eliza*, hid with Bay-leaves, ſtood!
Eliza — But her Wonders to reveal,
Were to *deſcribe* what I can only *feel!*

VERSES *ſent to* AARON HILL, *Eſq; with the* Tragedy *of* Sir Thomas Overbury, *expecting him to correct it.*

By Mr. SAVAGE, *Son of the late Earl* RIVERS.

I.

AS the Soul, ſtript of mortal Clay,
Grows all divinely fair,
And boundleſs roves the milky Way,
and views ſweet Proſpects there.

II.

This Hero, clogg'd with droſſy Lines,
By thee new Vigour tries;

As

As thy correcting Hand refines,
Bright Scenes around him riſe.

III.

Thy Touch brings the wiſh'd Stone to paſs,
So ſought, ſo long foretold;
It turns polluted Lead, or Braſs,
At once to pureſt Gold.

To MARS, *in praiſe of* SULPITIA; Engliſh'd *from the Fourth Book of* Tibullus, Elegy *the* 2*d*.

By WILLIAM POPPLE, *Eſq*;

TO grace thy Kalends, fair *Sulpitia*'s dreſs'd,
Deſcend from Heav'n, and with her Sight
be bleſs'd.
This *Venus* will excuſe, — Yet Oh! beware,
Leaſt Love diſarm, while you admire the Fair.
At her ſoft Eyes, when Love wou'd God's inſpire,
And warm all Heav'n with his tumultuous Fire,
He lights his Torches; ſhe where-e'er ſhe moves,
Whate'er ſhe does, aſſumes the publick Loves.

If

If looſe her Hair, looſe Hair becomes the Fair;
If comb'd, ſhe fires with majeſtick Air!
If rob'd in Purple, Purple charms the Eye,
If White, how well may White with Purple vie?
So on *Olympus* bleſs'd *Vertumnus* prov'd
A Thouſand Forms, and was in each belov'd.

For her alone, deſerving of the Toil,
The fleecy Wool twice dipt the *Tyrian* Soil.
Arabia offers what her Fields produce,
The fragrant Perfume, and the od'rous Juice.
And *India*, rich in unexhauſted Mines,
Collects each Pearl that on its Border ſhines.
Her, O ye *Muſes!* Her, O *Phœbus!* ſing,
To praiſe *Sulpitia*, ſtrike the trembling String.
Her Charms, this Day in each revolving Year,
Reſound; for none more worthy can appear.

The ſame ELEGY *Tranſlated.*

By Mr. STACEY.

Sulpitia's dreſt, great *Mars*, thy Feaſt to grace,
Leave, leave thy Heav'n, and view her charming Face!
Venus admits you to behold the Fair,
Yet, while with Wonder you regard, beware,
To check your Ardour with a decent Care.

When *Love* wou'd warm all Heav'n with wild Deſires,
From her bright Eyes he takes reſiſtleſs Fires!
Each Grace, unbid, attends the ſpeaking Fair,
Each Look, each Geſture, ſhows each Grace is there.

Looſe tho' her Locks, her Locks tho' looſe delight;
Or comb'd, yet comb'd they ſhine to charm the Sight.
She charms, when purple Dies around her flow,
She charms alike, when white ſhe moves in Snow!
Vertumnus ſo, who on *Olympus* ſtays,
Shines in a thouſand Shapes a thouſand Ways.

Beſt of thy Sex, that Verſe ſhall e'er expreſs!
Thine be each glowing Luxury of Dreſs!
Be thine what-e'er *Arabia*'s ſpicy Soil
Yields grateful to the happy Reaper's Toil!
For her, dark *Indian*, trace thy ſpangled Shore,
And Pearls that Nature's Fondneſs hides, explore.
When Mirth excites your Notes, ye tuneful Nine,
Her's be your Praiſe, and *Phœbus* ſelf will join;
Thro' endleſs Time, the charming Nymph convey,
No Nymph like her deſerves your tuneful Lay.

Part of the 5th Book of LUSIAD.

A POEM *written in* Portugueſe *by* CAMOENS.

Tranſlated by AARON HILL, *Eſq*;

HOW ſweet is Praiſe, and juſtly purchas'd Glory,
By our own Actions, when to Heav'n they ſoar!
Each noble Soul will *ſtrain* to leave his Story,
An Overmatch for All, who climb'd before.

Thoſe wond'rous Heights *Achilles* reach'd in Arms,
Had ne'er ſo ſtrongly mov'd the World's great Lord,
Had not the Muſe of *Homer* giv'n 'em Charms,
And rous'd him from a Reſt, he thence abhorr'd.

Scipios, and *Cæſars*, *Portugal* can boaſt,
But has not bleſs'd 'em with exalted Hearts;
Once dead, they *die for ever*, and are *loſt*,
Becauſe unfriended by the *deathleſs Arts*.

All thoſe immortal Names, that tread on Time,
Were *learn'd themſelves*, or *lov'd* the learned *All*.
In *Greece*, in *Rome*, in the moſt *barb'rous* Clime,
In ev'ry Land, but taſtleſs *Portugal*.

Mournful, I ſpeak it to my Country's Shame,
Want of *Excitement* keeps it's Genius *low*.
Our rude and boiſt'rous Lords are deaf to Fame,
And ſeem as careleſs to be *known*, as *know*.

Dull and of groſs Deſires, their empty Pride,
Dark and contracted, *taſtes* not what is writ;
For how, alas! ſhou'd *Lameleſs* learn to *ſtride*?
Or he, who *underſtands not*, cheriſh *Wit*?

Bleſs

Bleſt let the Muſes be, by thoſe I ſing,
That I, for no Reward but Honour, born,
Have, for my Country's Glory, touch'd the String,
And laugh her *titled Arrogance* to ſcorn.

While on the Fame of *Luſitania* bent,
Your Charms, ye Nymphs of *Tagus*, I reveal,
Fortune the Frame of my proud Hope has rent,
And drags me friendleſs at her Chariot Wheel.

Degraded, at another's Board to eat,
A *Rock* of *Want !* ſurrounded by my *Woes ;*
Ingratitude it ſelf, unmov'd, I meet,
And riſe the ſtronger againſt *Envy*'s Blows.

See Nymphs ! what *learned Lords* your *Tagus* boaſts !
What PATRONS of the noble Arts we find.
Such is their Worth, who fill the *Publick Poſts !*
And ſuch the *Prize* that crowns a gen'rous *Mind !*

PROLOGUE,

Spoken at the Revival of Shakeſpear's King *Henry* the VIth, *at the* Theatre Royal *in* Drury-Lane. *(Printed before the Play from a ſpurious Copy.)*

Written by Mr. SAVAGE, *Son of the late Earl* RIVERS.

TO Night, a patient Ear, ye *Britons* lend,
And to your great Forefathers Deeds attend.
Here cheaply warn'd, ye bleſt Deſcendants view,
What Ills on *England*, Civil Diſcord drew.
To wound the Heart, the martial Muſe prepares;
While the red Scene with raging Slaughter glares.

Here,

Here, while a Monarch's Suff'rings we relate,
Let gen'rous Grief his ruin'd Grandeur wait.
While *Second Richard*'s Blood for Vengeance calls,
Doom'd for his Grandſire's Guilt, poor *Henry* falls.
In Civil Jars avenging Judgment blows,
And Royal Wrongs entail a People's Woes.
Henry, unvers'd in Wiles, more Good than Great,
Drew on by Meekneſs his diſaſtrous Fate.

Thus when you ſee this Land by Faction toſt,
Her Nobles ſlain, her Laws, her Freedom loſt;
Let this Reflection from the Action flow,
We ne'er from Foreign Foes could Ruin know.
Oh let us then inteſtine Diſcord ſhun,
We ne'er can be, but by Ourſelves, undone.

EPITAPH *on a Man and his Wife, who were buried together, and repreſented quarrelling on their Grave. Tranſlated from the* Latin —

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

I.

STAY, *Batchelor!* if you have Wit,
A *Wonder* to behold!
Husband and *Wife*, in one dark Pit,
Lie ſtill, and never *ſcold.*

II.

II.

Tread ſoftly, tho' — for fear ſhe *wakes*:
Hark! ſhe begins already!
You've hurt my Head — my Shoulder akes.
Theſe Sots *can ne'er move* ſteddy.

III.

Ah, *Friend*, with happy *Freedom* bleſt!
See! how my Hope's miſcarried.
Not *Death it ſelf* can give you *Reſt*,
Unleſs you *die unmarried*.

To ELIZA, *on her deſign'd Voyage to* Spain.

By the ſame.

TO *Spain?* Forbid it Heav'n! Oh wiſh no more,
To bleſs profuſely that abounding Shore.
To Souls like thine It can no Pleaſure yield,
To waſte *Manure* on the too fertile Field.
The barren Soil, which wants, alone ſhould ſhare,
The gen'rous Influence of *Eliza*'s Care!
Since *Spain*, high-treaſur'd, graſps the golden *Weſt*,
Oh, let thy *Indies* be by us poſſeſt.

The

The DISAPPOINTMENT.

By WILLIAM POPPLE, *Esq*;

HOw sad are Lovers when the Fair-Ones miss
Their Hour, evasive of the promis'd Bliss?
Their jealous Thoughts pursue the perjur'd Fair,
Thro' the dark Windings of a wild Despair.
And now Imagination rises high,
Heaves with the Heart, and sparkles from the Eye!
Lock'd in some happier Arms, we think she lies,
And gives and takes ten thousand Extacies.

If to thy Bliss, O love, such Ills are join'd,
Break—break my Chain, and free my captive Mind.

Yet

Yet ſtay — thy Pleaſures are ſo wondrous great,
Bind, bind my Chain, and leave me to my Fate.

On

On Mr. COWLEY'S *introducing* Pindaric *Verſe.*

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

I.

SAcred Soul! harmonious Swan!
Whoſe ſweeteſt Notes, long before Death, began,
And the long tuneful Race unwearied ran!
Long before Death began the Song; and ſtill the Song improv'd,
And ſtill new Strings, and ſtill new Pleaſure mov'd!
How, mighty Muſe! didſt thou, and thou alone,
(For the gigantic Task was all thy own!)
Find Means to draw ſuch unexhauſted Store,
From Springs that were ſo poor,
From Fountains choak'd with Blood, and made by Duſt impure?

How

How, midſt an Iron Age,
Of wild Religion, and fantaſtick Rage;
The dreadful, and the over-acted Stage,
Where ſtriving Truth, too weak for Fortune, fell,
And all that Learning then cou'd teach, was how to
ſuffer well!
How, in this dark, Enthuſiaſtic Age,
Didſt thou, Great Guide! when Arts were over-
thrown,
And whole *Parnaſſus* ſhaken down,
Stand, and erect a new one of thy own.

II.

Yet, as within the all-enlight'ning Sun,
Some Spots our Glaſſes find amid the Rays,
Too ſmall, tho' viſible, to look on long,
Becauſe ſurrounded by a Sea of Blaze!
So Thou, Great King of Fancy! led aſtray,
By thy high-mettled Muſe, uncurb'd and gay!
Thou, prancing proudly on o'er Wit's unmeaſur'd
Way!

Haſt

Haſt err'd in Judgment where thou didſt deſign,
Thy Judgment moſt ſhou'd ſhine;
But all that's Humane in thy Verſe is loſt in the Divine!
Immortal Man, thou didſt too raſhly blame
The waſtful Spirit of thy gloomy Times;
Even of that Age of Crimes,
Which gave the Fate of ſuff'ring *Charles* to Fame!
Thus Man, ſhort-ſighted, ſeldom aiming right,
Tho' Eagle-Ey'd in mortal Sight,
Miſtakes for Chance Heav'ns well-reſolv'd *Decree*,
And does againſt it fight!
That, which Lights to Shadows are,
Or Peace to War,
Such was *that Age* to *Thee!*
Such Contraries Almighty Wiſdom finds,
And ſtamps on humane Minds;
That Virtue's Viſage ſhewn more bright,
May, when ſet oppoſite to Guilt's black Night,

Strike

Strike ev'ry Eye that boldly *wakes* to ſee,
And, arm'd with double Force, may doubly charming be.

III.

So fell the *Royal Martyr*, to convince
The wond'ring Ages ſince,
What lengthen'd Woes revenge a ſuff'ring Prince!
Oh, wondrous! myſtic! undiſcover'd Maze!
What Man can ſearch his God's untrodden Ways?
Hence late we learn loſt Worth to idolize!
And hence our late Poſterity ſhall know
(What Heav'n thence meant to ſhow)
What ardent Curſes three pale Nations owe
To Zeal's hot *Sons*, whoſe Reaſon *had no Eyes*,
And *Pride*, that ſaw Truth plain, and *ſeeing*, durſt *deſpiſe!*
So too, Immortal Subject of my Muſe!
The Fav'rite Theme ſhe loves to chuſe!

So

So too! the ſable Ign'rance of that Age,
Like Foils, which can to Diamonds Luſtre give!
Inſpir'd thy ſacred Verſe with that juſt Rage,
Which greatly ſwelling into Fame,
Thine, and thy *Sov'reign's* reſcu'd Name,
Shall ev'n thy *Pindar*'s Praiſe, but in thy Works outlive.

A Lover's Reflection.

By WILLIAM POPPLE, *Eſq;*

HOW ſhall I ſhake off cold Deſpair,
And warm *Amelia*'s Breaſt?
Be bold! — Alas, what Lover dare,
Who trembles to be bleſt?

Woman's Reſolution.

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

OH, cried *Arſenia*, long in Wedlock bleſt,
Her Head reclining on her Husband's Breaſt
Shou'd Death divide thee from thy doating Wife,
What Comfort cou'd be found in Widdow'd Life?
How the Thought ſhakes me? — Heav'n my Str*phon* ſave!
Or give the loſt *Arſenia* half his Grave!

Jove heard the lovely Mourner, and approv'd,
And ſhou'd not Wives, ſaid he, like This, be lov'd
Take the ſoft Sorrower at her Word, and try
How firmly rooted Female Truth can lie.

'Tw

'Twas ſaid and done! —The tender *Strephon* died,
Arſenia two long Months t'outlive him *tried!*
But in the *third,* — Alas! — *became a Bride.*

The Innocent Inconſtant.

By CLIO.

WELL! an Inconſtant, let me then be thought:
Nor can I help it, if it *be* a Fault.
No ſolid *Lead* is in *my* Atoms mix'd,
All Mercury! too ſprightly to be fix'd!
As ſoon the Stars might in one Station ſhine,
As one dull Wretch retain this Heart of mine.

Reſtleſs, and tired, my Wiſhes ſtill remove,
Nor can I clip the Wings of Flying Love.
Languid and faint, he in one Poſture ſeems,
Loſes his Fire, and in dull Slumber dreams;

Till ſome bright Victor, with enchanting Eyes,
Strikes his damp Wings, and bids his Spirits riſe.

Let but the Bays and Myrtle crown my Brow,
I envy not the Froſt, that Prudes avow.
No matter! — if my little Sallies look
But fairly in the Great Accounting Book!
My ſmiling Soul, from dang'rous Sin ſecure,
Scorns looſe Deſires, and is with Pleaſure pure.
'Tis Love's chaſt Bliſs, its bright, tranſparent Part,
That my Flame kindles at, that warms my Heart!
I ſearch — but rarely meet an equal Taſte,
Then I grow weary, and I change in haſte:
Where I diſcern, that heavy Earth prevails,
I leave the Lumber, and I ſhift the Sails.

But Oh, inconſtant as I may appear,
Cou'd I once find a Poet, and ſincere;
Wiſdom, with Wit, might ſure for ever move,
And He might clip the Wings of Flying Love.

An EPISTLE *to a famous* Painter.

By Mr. JOHN DYER, *of* Carmarthenſhire.

DElightful Partner of my Heart,
Maſter of the lovelieſt Art!
How ſweet our Senſes you deceive,
When we, a *gazing Throng*, believe!
Here flows the *Po!* — the *Minio* there,
Winding about with ſedgy Hair!
And there the *Tyber*'s yellow Flood,
Beneath a thick, and gloomy Wood!
And there *Darius*' broken Ranks
Upon the *Grannic*'s bloody Banks;
Who bravely die, or baſely run
From *Philip*'s all-ſubduing Son!

And there the wounded *Porus* brought
(The braveſt Man that ever fought!)
To *Alexander*'s Tent, who eyes
His dauntleſs Viſage, as he lies
In Death's moſt painful Agonies.

To me reveal thy Heav'nly Art,
To me thy Myſteries impart.
As yet I but in Verſe can paint,
And to th' Idea colour faint
What to the open Eye you ſhow,
Seeming Nature's living Glow!
The beauteous Shapes of Objects near!
Or diſtant One's confuſed in Air!
The golden Eve, or bluſhing Dawn,
Smiling on the lovely Lawn!
And pleaſing Views of checquer'd Glades!
And Rivers, winding thro' the Shades!
And ſunny Hills!— and pleaſant Plains!
And Groups of merry Nymphs and Swains!

Or ſome old Building, hid with Graſs,
Rearing ſad its ruin'd Face;
Whoſe Columns, Friezes, Statues lie,
The Grief, and Wonder of the Eye!
Or ſwift a-down a Mountain tall,
A foamy Cat'ract's ſounding Fall;
Whoſe loud Roaring ſtuns the Ear
Of the wond'ring Traveller!
Or a calm, and quiet Bay,
And a level ſhining Sea!
Or Surges rough, that froth, and roar,
And, angry, daſh the ſounding Shore!
And Veſſel's toſt! and Billows high!
And Light'ning flaſhing from the Sky!

Or that which gives me moſt Delight,
The fair Idea (ſeeming Sight!)
Of Warrior, fierce with ſhining Blade!
Or Orator, with Arms diſplay'd!

Tully's

Tully's engaging Air and Mien,
Declaiming againſt *Cataline*.
Or fierce *Achilles*, tow'ring high
Above his Foes, who round him die.

Or *Hercules*, with Lion's Hide,
And knotty Cudgel, thrown aſide,
Lifting *Antæus*, high in Air!
Who, in his Gripe, expires there!

Or *Siſyphus*, with Toil and Sweat,
And Muſcles ſtrain'd, ſtriving to get
Up a ſteep Hill a pond'rous Stone,
Which, near the Top, recoils, and rolls impetuous down.
Or beauteous *Hellen*'s eaſy Air,
With Head reclin'd, and flowing Hair;
Or comely *Paris*, gay and young,
Moving with gallant Grace along!

Theſe you can do! — I but advance,
In a florid Ignorance;
And ſay to you, who better know;
You ſhou'd deſign 'em ſo and ſo.

The

The Happy Man.

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

HIGH, o'er the Winding of a cliffy Shore,
From whoſe worn Steep, rebounding Surges roar:
Freeman — (ſweet Lot!) — in quiet plenty lives,
Rich, in the unbought Wealth, which Nature gives.

Unplanted Groves riſe round his ſhelter'd Seat,
And ſelf-ſown Flow'rs attract his wand'ring Feet;
Lengths of wild Garden his near Views adorn;
And far-ſeen Fields wave with domeſtic Corn.
The grateful Herds, which his own Paſtures feed,
Pay their ask'd Lives, and, in due *Tribute*, bleed.

Here,

Here, in learn'd Leiſure, he relaxes Life,
Twixt prattling Children, and a ſmilling Wife,
Here, on dependant Want, he ſheds his Care;
Moves amid Smiles, and all he hears, is Prayer.
The World lies round him, like a ſubject Soil,
Stor'd for his Service; but beneath his Toil.

Hence, in a Morning Walk, his piercing Eye
Skims the green Ocean to the circling Sky;
And marks, at Diſtance, ſome returning Sail,
Wing'd with the Courtſhip of a flatt'ring Gale:
The fearleſs Crew, concluding Danger o'er,
With glad'ning Shouts, ſalute the op'ning Shore:
Fore-think, how, beſt, they may their Gains em-
ploy;
And antedate thin Scenes of promis'd Joy;
'Till a near Quickſand checks their ſhorten'd Way,
And the ſunk Maſts point thro' the riſing Spray.

Freeman

109

Freeman ſtarts, ſad! — revolves the changeful Sight;
Where Miſ'ry can ſo ſoon ſucceed Delight.
Then ſhakes his Head, in Pity of their Fate;
And, ſweetly conſcious, hugs his happier State.

The CONTEST:

A CANTATA.

1st RECITATIVE.

IN Sleep, young *Corydon* repos'd,
Free from the Force of Love and Wine;
When *Morpheus* to his View expos'd
Apollo, and the tuneful Nine.
A lovely Muse begins the Vocal Scene,
While *Phœbus* thus accompanies her Strain.

SONG.

O! Youth! to us devote thy Days;
The Gay, the Happy, and the Young
For ever shall repeat thy Lays;
And Beauty shall reward thy Song.

The ſordid Cares which Life moleſt,
All Taſte of Happineſs expel:
But Joys eternal fill the Breaſt,
Where Poetry and Muſick dwell.

2d RECITATIVE.

While Fancy thus his Mind ſurpizes,
Behold! an awful Form ariſes.
His Coif, his Ruff, and thoughtful Look
Confeſs the venerable *Coke*.
While *Phœbus* and his Choir withdraw,
Thus ſpeaks the Oracle of Law.

SONG.

Fond Youth! be wiſe in Time, ſubmit,
To learned Law, your Love of Wit;
Honour attends *Aſtræa*'s Bar,
And Riches will reward thy Care.

Protect

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SONG.

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To learned Law, your Love of Wit;
Honour attends *Aſtræa*'s Bar,
And Riches will reward thy Care.

Protect the Weak, and Wrong controul;
This fills with manly Joy, the Soul.
To this, all other Arts unite;
Be uſeful firſt, and then polite.

The

The Third Chapter of HABAKKUK Paraphraſed.

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

GOD of my Fathers! ſtretch thy oft-try'd Hand,
And yet once more redeem thy choſen Land!
Once more by Wonders make thy Glories known!
And midſt thy Anger, be thy Mercy ſhewn!
Oh, I have heard thy dreadful Actions told,
And my Soul burns, thy Terrors to unfold!

At *Iſrael*'s Call, th' Almighty's Thunder, hurl'd
From *Paran*'s Summit, ſhook th' aſtoniſh'd World!

Frowning, provok'd, his threatning Wrath flam'd high;
And Earth's dim Regions gleam'd beneath his Eye.
Pois'd, in his undetermin'd Hands, he bore
Judgment's heap'd Horn, and Mercy's ſtruggling Store.
Near him, *pale Death* in *ſhadowy Triumph* trod;
And preſs'd, with *ghaſtly Signs*, the *doomful Nod.*
Keen, from beneath his Feet, red Lightnings broke,
And the veil'd Mountain ſhook, in Clouds of Smoke.

He *ſtood* — and while the meaſur'd World he ey'd,
The ſtarting Nations drop'd their warlike Pride.
High-boaſting *Cuſhan* ſtruck her Tents in Shame,
And *Midean* groan'd beneath repeated Fame.
He *ſtep'd* — and from their old Foundations rent,
Th' everlaſting *Hills* before him bent!
He *march'd* — and all th' *uprooted Mountains* ſtray,
And roll in Earthquakes, to eſcape his Way!

Faſt-

Faſt-foll'wing, from their Chaſms, a thouſand Tides
Spout a wiſh'd Deluge o'er their frighted Sides!
Back ſwell'd the roaring *Sea*, his Face to fly,
And, in one trembling Billow, ſcal'd the Sky!
Conſcious of Wrath Divine, the *Sun* grew *pale*,
And o'er Diſtinction caſt a dusky Veil.

This when I hear, chill Froſts my Heart o'erſpread,
And my Lips quiver with the riſing Dread.
Trembling, and ſunk, my Limbs I faintly draw,
And my Bones crumble with Ideal Awe!
Now tho' the Fig-tree ne'er ſhou'd Bloſſom yield;
Tho' ſteril Coldneſs curſe th' unrip'ning Field;
Tho' Vines and Olives fail their loady Chear,
Nor fainting Herds outlive the pining Year;
Yet ſhall my Soul in God's ſure Aid rejoice,
And Earth's high Sov'reign claim my Heav'n-tun'd
Voice.

An EPITAPH.

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

WHY in ſuch thoughtleſs Haſte? Oh ſtay, and know
The Duſt, now mould'ring here, once hurried ſo!
If Will to ſerve, or Art to pleaſe Mankind;
If being juſt, and of a gen'rous Mind;
If harmleſs Mirth, free Friendſhip, ſtingleſs Truth,
Unſwerving Judgment, and unerring Youth;
If theſe cou'd e'er have brib'd the Dart of Death,
This Grave's gay Tenant ſtill had kept his Breath:
Stay then! and lend one Sigh to mourn his Fate!
So may your Loſs be griev'd, ſo may your Death be late.

To AARON HILL, *Esq*; *on his Poem call'd* GIDEON.

By Mr. JOHN DYER, *of* Carmarthenshire.

TEll me, wondrous Friend, where were you
When *Gideon* was your lofty Song!
Where did the heav'nly Spirit bear you,
When your fair Soul reflected strong
Gideon's Actions, as they shin'd
Bright in the Chambers of your Mind!

Say, have you trod *Arabia*'s spicy Vales,
Or gather'd Bays beside *Euphrates*' Stream,
Or lonely sung with *Jordan*'s Water-falls,
While heav'nly *Gideon* was your sacred Theme.

Or have you many Ages giv'n
To cloſe Retirement and to Books!
And held a long Diſcourſe with Heav'n,
And notic'd Nature in her various Looks!

Full of inſpiring Wonder and Delight,
Slow read I *Gideon* with a greedy Eye!
Like a pleas'd Traveller that lingers ſweet
On ſome fair and lofty Plain,
Where the Sun does brightly ſhine,
And glorious Proſpects all around him lie!

On *Gideon*'s Pages beautifully ſhine,
Surprizing Pictures riſing to my Sight;
With all the Life of Colours and of Lines,
And all the Force of rounding Shade and Light,
And all the Grace — of ſomething more divine!

High on a Hill, beneath an Oak's broad Arm,
I ſee a Youth divinely fair,
" Penſive he leans his Head on his left Hand;
" His ſmiling Eye ſheds Sweetneſs mix'd with Awe,
" His right Hand, with a Milk-white Wand, ſome
" Figure ſeems to draw!
" A nameleſs Grace is ſcatter'd thro' his Air,
" And o'er his Shoulders looſely flows his Amber-
" colour'd Hair!
Above, with burning Bluſh the Morning glows,
The waking World all fair before him lies;
" Slow from the Plain the melting Dews,
" To kiſs the Sun-beams, climbing, riſe, *&c.*

Methinks the Grove of *Baal* I ſee,
In terraſs'd Stages mount up high,
And wave its ſable Beauties in the Skie,

" From Stage to Stage, broad Steps of half-hid
" Stone,
" With curling Moſs and blady Graſs o'ergrown,
" Lead awful ——

Down in a Dungeon deep,
" Where thro' thick Walls, oblique, the broken Light
" From narrow Loop-holes quivers to the Sight.
" With ſwift and furious Stride,
" Cloſe-folded Arms, and ſhort and ſudden Starts,
" The fretful Prince, in dumb and ſullen Pride,
" Revolves Eſcape ——

Here in red Colours glowing bold,
A warlike Figure ſtrikes my Eye!
The dreadful ſudden Sight his Foes behold
Confounded ſo, they loſe the Pow'r to fly;
" Back'ning they gaze at Diſtance on his Face,
" Admire his Poſture, and confeſs his Grace,
" His right Hand graſps his planted Spear, *&c.*

Alaſs,

Alaſs, my Muſe, thro' much Good-will you err:
And we the mighty Author greatly wrong;
To gather Beauties here and there,
As but a ſcatter'd *few* there were,
While ev'ry Word's a Beauty, in his Song!

Thoſe Lines in this Poem mark'd thus " *are taken out of the Poem called* Gideon.

The

The DRONE *and the* COBWEB.

A Tranſlation of ſome Latin *Verſes which were written by Lord* Ereskine, *Son of the late Earl of* Mar, *when at* Weſtminſter-*School.*

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

MUſing, betimes, what Theme my Verſe might find,
While Doubt divided my impatient Mind,
Whether the Threats of *Spain*, *Italian* Jarrs,
Or what new Schemes the frozen *North* prepares;
While I yet wavering ſtood, the God of Rhyme
Advis'd me, whiſp'ring— *ſhun Thou Themes ſublime*;

Chuſe

Chuſe low ; to trifle well is no ſmall Praiſe !
He ſaid ; and thro' the Window ſhot his Rays :

I hail'd the God's Preſage ; and ſtrait the Light
Diſclos'd a *ſpinning Spider* to my Sight ;
From far his quivering Beams I ſaw him ſpread,
Fine winding Products of a viſcous Thread !
The Work excell'd the Worth ! — with dextrous Skill,
He drew thin Rafters the croſs'd Web to fill ;
All equidiſtant from their Center hung,
And, juſtly rang'd, to the ſoft Beam-work clung ;
The Fabrick glow'd ; intent, he wheel'd exact,
And thready Joiſts, in angly Orbits tack'd ;
Not juſter cou'd the Artiſt's Compaſs twine,
When his nice Hand wou'd ſweep ſome circling Line ;
Orb within Orb, ſo near each other lay,
That not a *Fly*, untrap'd, cou'd force its Way;
This done, he to his dusky Den withdrew,
And artful drag'd along a ductile *Clue !*

Which,

Which, bending with his Net, might ſhake and play,
To give ſwift Notice of th' entangled Prey.

While on the Work I gaz'd, with ſtedfaſt View,
A buzzing *Drone* at diſtance croſs me flew;
Inglorious humm'd his clumſy Bulk along,
Hoſtile, and bent to live by others' Wrong:
To rob the honied Hive was his Delight;
In at a broken *Pane*, with dext'rous Flight,
Ruſhing with headlong Haſte, the Net he ſtruck,
And ſtruggling long, in vain ſtill faſter ſtuck.
Yet was his Force unequal, and too great,
The ſlight-wrought Fabrick burſts beneath the Weight!
Ropy, the twiſted Web together clung,
In which, faſt trap'd, the pendant Priſoner ſwung.

So have I ſeen, on *Yorkſhire*'s hedgeleſs Plains,
Some Gibbet-faſten'd Robber hang in Chains;

Whom,

Whom, while he liv'd, by idle Vice miſled,
Unweigh'd Purſuit of lawleſs Profit fed;
But now his Thefts their due Reward attain'd,
The Farmers ſafe bore Home the Sums they gain'd,
Nor fear'd the grinning Carcaſe, ſince 'twas chain'd.
So ſwung the pendant Drone, like him, confin'd,
A reſtleſs Play-thing for the whiſtling Wind!

The

The FRIEND.

Addreſs'd to AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

Written by Mr. SAVAGE, *Son of the late Earl* RIVERS.

O Lov'd *Hillarius*, thou by Heav'n deſign'd
To charm, to mend, and to excel Mankind!
To thee my Hopes, Fears, Joys, and Sorrows tend,
Thou Brother, Father, nearer yet! — Thou Friend!
Thou dearer far (Oh, what can equal thee?)
Than Int'reſt, Kindred, Love, or Fame, to me.

The Rich, the Great, of envious Care complain,
I, from unenvy'd Want, a Triumph gain;
Kind are my Wrongs, I thence thy Friendſhip own!
What State cou'd bleſs, were I to thee unknown?

Oft

Oft thy Reproof has flush'd me o'er with Shame,
From thy rich Soul I caught Ideal Flame!
While shun'd, obscur'd; or thwarted and expos'd,
By Friends abandon'd, and by Foes enclos'd,
Thy guardian Counsel softens ev'ry Care,
To Ease charms Anguish, and to Hope Despair.

If meaner Views extort reluctant Lays,
I rob thy Virtues to give others Praise;
Think not to swell vain Minds my Theft's applied,
No — in thy Worth I'd paint a gen'rous Pride.
Fain wou'd I count thy wondrous Virtues o'er,
Aid me, ye Bards; with me the Theme explore!
With me *Hillarius* sing! — the Theme implies
Sweetness and Strength, A Mind serene and wise.
Mark him, ye Proud — Beneficent he lives,
Urges no Wrongs, is injur'd, and forgives;
Peerage he honours, when by Worth acquir'd;
Worth is by Worth in ev'ry Rank admir'd:

Peerage

Peerage he ſcorns, when Titles Inſult ſpeak,
Proud to vain Pride, to honour'd Meekneſs meek.
In ev'ry Thought, in ev'ry Action, Great,
In Leiſure active, and in Care ſedate.
Nature, enobled, here delights to blend
Th' aſpiring Bard and condeſcending Friend:
While ſome with cold, ſuperior Looks, redreſs,
Relief ſeems Inſult, and confirms Diſtreſs:
He, when he views the Soul with Wrongs beſieg'd,
While warm he acts th' Obliger, ſeems th' Oblig'd.
That venal Bliſs which others court, he flies,
That worthy Woe they ſhun, attracts his Eyes.
The humane Virtues his ſweet Life compoſe,
The humane Frailties are alone his Foes.

Hillarius, ever lov'd, and ever kind,
Thou juſt, thou gen'rous, thou exalted Mind!
Thou, clear in Cares, can'ſt Fortune's Smiles outſhine:
What wou'd'ſt thou not, were Wealth and Greatneſs thine?

II.

The ANIMALCULE.

A TALE.

Occaſion'd by his Grace the Duke of Rutland's *receiving the Small Pox by Inoculation.*

Written by Mr. SAVAGE, *Son of the late Earl* RIVERS.

I.

IN *Animalcules*, Muſe diſplay
Spirits, of Name unknown in Song!
Reader a kind Attention pay,
Nor think an uſeful Comment long.

II.

Far leſs than Mites, on Mites they prey;
Minuteſt Things may Swarms contain:
When o'er your Iv'ry Teeth they ſtray,
Then throb your little Nerves with Pain.

III.

Fluids, in Drops, minutely ſwell;
Theſe ſubtil Beings Each contains;
In the ſmall ſanguine Globes they dwell,
Roll from the Heart, and trace the Veins.

IV.

Thro' ev'ry tender Tube they rove,
In finer Spirits, ſtrike the Brain;
Wind quick thro' ev'ry fibrous Grove,
And ſeek, thro' Pores, the Heart again.

V.

If they with purer Drops dilate,
And lodge where Entity began,
They actuate with a genial Heat,
And kindle into future *Man.*

VI.

But, when our Lives are Nature's Due,
Air, Seas, nor Fire, their Frames diſſolve;
They Matter, thro' all Forms, purſue,
And oft to genial Heats revolve.

VII.

Thus once an *Animalcule* prov'd,
When *Man*, a Patron to the Bays;
This Patron was in *Greece* belov'd;
Yet Fame was faithleſs to his Praiſe.

VIII.

In *Rome*, this *Animalcule* grew,
Mæcenas, whom the Claſſics rate!
Among the *Gauls*, it prov'd *Richlieu*,
In Learning, Pow'r, and Bounty Great.

IX.

In *Britain*, *Halliſax* it roſe;
(By *Halliſax*, bloom'd *Congreve*'s Strains)
And now it re-diminiſh'd glows,
To glide thro' godlike *Rutland*'s Veins.

X.

A Plague there is, too Many know;
Too ſeldom perfect Cures befall it.
The *Muſe* may term it *Beauty's Foe*;
In *Phyſick*, the *Small Pox* we call it.

XI.

From *Turks* we learn this Plague t'aſſwage,
They, by admitting, turn its Courſe:
Their Kiſs will tame the Tumor's Rage;
By yielding, they o'ercome the Force.

XII.

Thus *Rutland* did its Touch invite,
While, watchful in the ambient Air,
This little, guardian, ſubtil Spright
Did with the Poiſon *in* repair.

XIII.

Th' Infection from the Heart it clears;
Th' Infection, now dilated thin,
In pearly Pimples but appears,
Expell'd upon the Surface Skin.

XIV.

And now it, mould'ring, waſts away:
'Tis gone! — doom'd to return no more!
Our *Animalcule* keeps its Stay,
And muſt new Labyrinths explore.

XV.

And now the *Noble's* Thoughts are ſeen,
Unmark'd, it views his Heart's Deſires!
It now reflects what It has been,
And, rapt'rous, at its Change admires!

XVI.

It's priſtine Virtues, kept, combine,
To be again in *Rutland* known;
But they, immers'd, no longer ſhine,
Nor equal, nor encreaſe his own.

ORI

ORIGINAL LETTERS,

As they were really written, under the Names of DAMON *and* PHILEMON, *concerning Riches and Poverty: Thoſe of* DAMON, *by the late Mr.* MARSHAL SMITH, *and thoſe of* PHILEMON, *by* AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

Damon to *Philemon.*

CUrſe on all Wealth! — till Gold begot Offence,
Nature ſmil'd ſoft, with artleſs Innocence.
Man's Days ſlid ſmoothly on in ſafe Delights,
Nor fear'd He Villains to diſturb his Nights.

No Virgin Beauty then was baſely ſold
To the Pre-emption of Tyrannic Gold;
But Swains, with honeſt Hearts, kind Truths expreſs'd,
And Nymphs, unbluſhing, conſcious Flames confeſs'd.

Aſtrea, then, with undim'd Glory reign'd,
No Judge's Ear by Brib'ry yet was gain'd.
No ſordid Av'rice was in Bargains known,
Tho' Property, diffus'd, was each Man's own.
War had not yet, with Stains of Blood and Rage,
Brought her fierce Offspring on the World's wide Stage.
Then All beneath the peaceful Olive ſat,
Calmly delighted with their bliſsful State!
But when thy Birth diſturb'd th' harmonious World,
Thro' groaning Nature was Confuſion hurl'd;
Quiet was loſt, and her all-pleaſing Forms,
O'erwhelm'd by Deluges, or broke by Storms;

Noiſe

Noiſe and Deſtruction, with gigantic Strides,
And all their horrid Children at their Sides,
March'd round the frighted Globe, in ſearch of Thee,
And plow'd up Murders, Thefts, and Perjury.

Philemon, then, th' inglorious Chace refrain;
Nor waſte thy Life in Love of ſlip'ry Gain.

Philemon to *Damon*.

GOld! — Thou gay Quint-eſſence of Earth refin'd!
Which Heav'n to ballance ſtruggling Pow'r deſign'd!
Till thy deciſive Weight depreſs'd the Scale,
Contenders did alternately prevail.
Now reign'd, as Lord, ſome Chance-aſcending Swain;
Another conqu'ring *him*, yet wins in vain;
A Third quells *Both*, nor can *his* Pow'r maintain.

Each

Each wou'd be Chief; but all, unhelp'd by thee,
Stick in the Mire of mean Equality!

Gold firſt the famiſh'd Mouth of Learning fed,
And drew the Curtain Ignorance had ſpread.
No honeſt Labour lengthen'd out the Day,
For there was no Reward their Toil to pay:
Supine Stupidity forbad all Strife,
And Sleep refreſh'd not, but impriſon'd Life.

But ſince thy Worth, Oh Gold! was juſtly known,
Arts have ſprung thick, and Hope is wider grown.
Kings, bleſs'd by thee, the murm'ring World command,
And tread down Diſcord in each Rebel Land!
In hopes of thee, the *Stupid* aim to *think*,
And Sin's broad Eye, for Profit, learns to wink:
The Sea's vaſt Depth, for thee, we boldly ſound,
And ſleep, undreading, upon Hoſtile Ground!

For

For thee, the Hind, with ſtrong and artful Hand,
Drives lazy Nature thro' his ſluggiſh Land!
Thou, Gold, can'ſt melt the frozen-hearted Fair,
And dry ſalt Sorrows, and o'erwhelming Care!
By Gold alone we great and happy live,
For Joys are Goods, which only Wealth can give.

Damon to *Philemon.*

GOld is, I own, the Origin and Source,
Whence Pow'r firſt roſe, and which maintains her Courſe!
But what is Pow'r, which Wealth, not Juſtice, gives?
How ill diſtinguiſh'd ſuch a Sov'reign lives!
Cou'd Man but read th' ambitious Monarch's Breaſt,
And trace ſwift Tumults thro' his broken Reſt;
How wou'd they curſe his Shadow-circled State,
And laugh at Envy, which maligns the Great!
Sometimes, Ah Shame! the Fair thy Pow'r adore,
And feign to love where they deſpis'd before!

Yet

Yet the vain Tempters, who this Art have tried,
Gain'd not the Woman, but the Woman's Pride!

Can then *Philemon*, whoſe alluring Strains
Are lov'd by Nymphs, and envy'd by the Swains!
Can he eſteem that baneful Oar divine?
Or kneel, diſhonour'd, at blind Fortune's Shrine?
No! — rather in her vileſt Form deſcribe
That Stain-affixing Foe to Virtue's Tribe.

Philemon to *Damon*.

Damon, I love thee, and thy Welfare ſeek;
Thence lend my Truths a Liberty to ſpeak;
Juſt as I wiſh, my Friendſhip wou'd adviſe,
And ſee thee great and mighty, as thou'rt wiſe!
The Starts which ſhake th' ambitious Monarch's Breaſt,
Thoſe Night-born Tumults which diſtract his Reſt,

Spring

Spring not from Gold, my *Damon*, but from Pride,
Which ſwells Deſire with too profuſe a Tide!
Tho' Gold the Bark that ſails to Fortune is,
The Pilot Wiſdom muſt direct to Bliſs;
Calm Moderation ought to meaſure Choice,
And high-flown Wiſhes ſtoop at Reaſon's Voice.
The Sun, which at due Diſtance, paints the Year,
Wou'd ſcorch us, *Damon*, if it came too near;
You may with Eaſe o'er ſhining Millions reign,
And never be a Slave to flowing Gain;
But he whoſe Birth-directing Stars decree,
That he ſhall waſte wan Life in Poverty!
Let him be caſt in Nature's choiceſt Mold,
And Lord of ev'ry Gift of Heav'n, but Gold,
While that alone he wants to crown the reſt;
Not all his other Gifts can make him bleſt.

Damon

Damon to *Philemon.*

Philemon's Lines do Gold ſo far outſhine,
So far more weighty, dazzling and divine,
That ev'n the Praiſe he gives it, ſerves to ſhow
What more to Wiſdom than to Wealth we owe.
But, Oh! 'tis falſe, that Gold can give us Friends,
Friendſhip and Flatt'ry have wide-diff'ring Ends.
They who croud round us while our Hopes look gay,
Will, in the Duſk of Fortune, ſhrink away!
Timon, the brave, the gen'rous, and the great!
Timon, the wiſe! — but wiſe, alaſs, too late!
Who dragg'd of Wealth's proud Droſs a pond'rous Load,
And ſhed his Bleſſings round him, like a God!
Timon, who heal'd the Woes of half Mankind!
What vile Returns did wretched *Timon* find?

Content

Content is Bliſs, I'll, with *Philemon*, hold;
But was Content e'er purchas'd yet with Gold?
Our Affluence but ſerves to ſpur Deſire,
And dang'rous Flights attain'd but tempt us higher.

Philemon to *Damon*.

YEt let me triumph in a pow'rful State,
If I am rich, I can, at Will, be Great!
With nice-tim'd Aid can fainting Worth aſſiſt,
And make the Wretched happy when I liſt!
But if on Fortune's barren Strands I lie,
My fruitleſs Pity ſhall unpitied die.
You tell me, *Damon*, Friends are bought and ſold,
And that Aſſiſtance comes and goes with Gold;
If Help in Life affords the greateſt Bliſs,
What buys that Help the greateſt Comfort is.

Damon

Damon to *Philemon.*

ALL your ſtrong Arguments no Proof produce
Of Gold's intrinſic Value, but its Uſe.
Your gen'rous Soul wou'd aid a Worth diſtreſs'd,
And bleſs your ſelf, by making others bleſs'd,
Call forth dim Virtue on the World to ſhine!
'Tis great! 'tis wondrous great! — 'tis all divine!
But ſtill, *Philemon*, this ſublime Delight,
Springs not from Gold's Poſſeſſion, but its Flight!
I'd prize a Truth, ſent in the Devil's Name;
But ſtill abhor that Dev'l from whence it came.
So Gold, pernicious in its Nature, may,
By Souls like yours be forc'd a nobler Way.

Thus, as the Needle, by magnetic Force,
Once touch'd, ſtill to the Magnet guides its Courſe;
Trembling, while wand'ring thence, and finds no Reſt,
Till claſp'd, and faſten'd to its darling Breaſt;

So,

So, tho' our Thoughts, on diff'rent Points, deſign,
Meeting, at laſt, we in one Centre join,
And loſe th' unfriendly Terms of Mine and Thine.

Philemon to *Damon.*

I Praiſe, dear Swain, the Uſe of Gold, 'tis true,
But Uſe includes intrinſick Value too.
Whence, but from Uſe, can Eſtimation riſe?
For ev'ry Thing is worth what it ſupplies:
'Tis true, a Diamond cannot keep out Cold,
Nor can we eat or drink our Heaps of Gold;
Yet, bleſs'd with either, *Damon*, we can buy,
What Neither, in their Nature, can ſupply;
And ſince for Wealth the Joys of Life are ſold,
There's an intrinſic Value ſure in Gold!
I hold, with *Damon*, Gold ſhou'd be a Slave,
I treat, as ſuch, the Pow'r my Fortune gave:
And when I've forc'd her to encreaſe my Store,
I'll make a Slave of that, and ten times more.

Yet Gold poſſeſſes ev'ry healing Pow'r,
Nor Love alone ſprings in a golden Show'r;
Gold makes Men grave, and wiſe, and gives 'em Rule,
For few have Eyes, thro' Wealth, to read a Fool!
Ev'n in the Shades below the Rich were bleſt,
And borne by *Charon* to the Fields of Reſt;
While Poverty, with Shame, to Death was hurl'd,
And drew down Scandal to the nether World.

But ſince my *Damon*, whom the Muſes bleſs,
Affects not Gold, and bids me love it leſs;
I'll liſten to his ſweet perſwaſive Voice,
And guide my Soul to meet him in his Choice;
Since then, nor you, nor I, can happy be,
You, with much Gold, nor I, with Poverty;
Let's bend our Search to find ſome freer Fate,
And crown our Wiſhes in the middle State;
He's bleſt, by Gold, whoſe Mind to Pow'r ſtands bent;
He more, who, wanting Gold, enjoys Content.

TERE-

TERESA *to* DUMONT.

Written originally in Italian *by a Lady to Mr.* HILL, *when in* Italy, *on his Departure for* England.

GO, happy Letter, — Go!
Into his Hands whom I adore go fly!
And, if he asks for me, tell him I die.

The LETTER.

I.

I Took the Paper in my trembling Hand,
Which, having wrote your Name, my Pen confin'd,
And forc'd my haſty Will to make a Stand,
While Love's awaken'd Tempeſt ſhook my Mind.

II.

Cold, languid Sweats, like Dew-drops, fill my Brow;
Fain wou'd I write — *I love!* — and ſay, how well!
But my Heart whiſpers me, thou know'ſt not how!
Alas! — thou lov'ſt him more than thou can'ſt tell.

III.

What then remains, in this Extream to do?
Write, trembling Hand, and this ſad Truth declare;
You guide my Fate; I'm bleſt, if you prove true,
And nothing ſure is falſe, that looks ſo fair.

IV.

Some Maids are ruin'd and no Pity find;
But their Deceivers were not made, like mine;
Ah! who can ſee thy Face and not be kind?
Or ſtand the Charms of ſuch a Tongue as thine?

DUMONT *to* TERESA.

Written originally in Italian *by* AARON HILL, *Eſq*; *Tranſlated by the Author.*

FLy, Truth's ſad Bearer! — fly!
To her cold Hands, who bleſs'd my Hopes too late,
And beg one Tear, to mourn thy Sender's Fate.

The ANSWER.

I.

I Read, with pleaſing Pain, your Letter o'er,
And when, amidſt Deſpair, I found you kind;
To think, I'd ſworn, I ne'er wou'd ſee you more,
A Whirl of Paſſions ſhook my burning Mind!

II.

The Anchor-heaving Ship prepares to ſail,
The Winds, malicious, ſing at my Diſtreſs;
The op'ning Canvaſs hugs th' officious Gale;
Did ever Love chuſe ſuch a Time to bleſs?

III.

Ill-judging Sex! high-skill'd in cruel Arts,
To hide the Joy you give in mingled Pain!
Sportful, you toy, and fret our fooliſh Hearts,
Till *Oaths* or *Reaſon* break the galling Chain.

IV.

Then, when but one ſad Choice remains to take,
To quit our Honour, or wiſh'd Love refuſe,
Too late you ſigh for a loſt Servant's Sake,
And proffer Treaſures which he dares not uſe.

VERSES

VERSES, *occaſion'd by ſeeing the Picture of* PERSEUS *and* ANDROMEDA.

By WILLIAM POPPLE, *Eſq;*

CHain'd to a Rock, behold the Royal Fair,
Naked her Limbs, and looſe her flowing Hair;
In her wild Eyes, conflicting Paſſions reign,
A doubtful Pleaſure, and a certain Pain!
Turn your View Sea-ward, and from far ſurvey
The Monſter, ruſhing o'er the briny Way.

Now upward gaze, and from the Cloud-ſtreak'd Sky,
View the warm youthful Warriour downward fly!

In his left Hand, *Meduſa*'s Front appears,
Wav'd in his right, the ſhining Sword he rears!
He ſees the Fair, and hears the Monſter roar,
And hears, and ſees too much, to ſuffer more.
Beneath, behold th' officious God of Love,
From the freed Virgin every Chain remove.

Propitious Love, Oh may'ſt thou ever be,
(Ask I too much?) as ſweetly kind to me!
May I, like *Perſeus*, free ſome gen'rous Maid!
Like *Perſeus*, may I be with Love repaid!
In her dear Arms, for ever may I live,
Yield Heart for Heart, and Love for Love receive.

EPI-

EPIGRAM.

By the ſame.

YOung widow'd *Sylvia* Tears has ſhed;
Thoſe pious Tears you ſcan!
Was it then for the *Husband* dead,
She wept? — Or for the *Man*?

VERSES

VERSES *to a* LADY *(the Author's Relation) occaſion'd by the Death of her Father.*

By Mr. CONCANEN.

FAin wou'd I give your wounded Soul Relief,
And pour the Balm of Comfort on your Grief;
But my own Anguiſh bids my Eyes to flow:
Can I then ſtop the Torrent of your Woe?
No! — Let my Verſe indulge the mournful Theme,
And let my Sorrow mingle in the Stream:
Nor can our Cauſe of Mourning diſagree,
You loſt a Father — He was more to me!
An equal Right our diff'rent Loſſes give,
He gave you Life — He taught me how to live!

Talk'd

Talk'd I of Verſe? — Alaſs, what Verſe can riſe
From throbbing Boſoms, or diſſolving Eyes?
In vain I call the chearleſs Muſe to mourn,
And pay my Debt of Sorrow at his Urn.
No friendly Aid, no Help divine appears,
But my beſt Off'rings are my Sighs and Tears.

Wit, in gay Scenes of Joy, with Laughter, dwells;
While Sorrow languiſhes in gloomy Cells.
To diff'rent Ends, in diff'rent Spheres they move,
But diſtant ſtill, as Dignity and Love.
When ſome rich Lord, whom Pow'r and Titles grac'd,
And Heav'n, indulgent, o'er his Betters plac'd,
Forſakes this tranſient Life, he keeps his State,
And venal Elegies deplore his Fate;
With pompous Grief the Poet fills his Lays,
While his Soul feels not what his Verſe diſplays.
There Wit has Room to modifie the Strains,
And the fond Heart uninterrupted gains.

My

My Verſe flows only for my Mind's Relief,
And borrows all its Beauties from my Grief.

Hard State of Merit when its Teſt is ſuch,
It muſt be gilded to endure the Touch.
The virtuous Man occaſions no Surprize,
Unprais'd he lives, and undeplor'd he dies.
The Villain's Acts our wondring Thoughts debauch,
While hoarded Plunder ſwells above Reproach.
The Worth of *Pamphilus* few Praiſes claims,
While *B*—— and *T*— are celebrated Names.
When ſuch Men die, the Flocks and Shepherds mourn,
And Woods, and Rocks, and Downs, their Griefs return;
Yet can't his juſt, his honeſt Life incline,
To wail his Death a better Muſe than mine.

Hail, honour'd Shade! — What Praiſes are thy Due!
How great, how bold, how noble, and how true!

Forgive

Forgive the friendly Hand that ſtrives to paint,
The Sketch unartful, and the Touches faint.

What Heav'n inſpir'd, and what Religion bound,
Already full Beatitude has crown'd;
But what were kindled up from Honour's Flame,
The Muſe muſt pay; the Recompence be Fame.

Look back, ye Seers, for Love of Virtue, known,
Look and admire a Genius like your own;
A gen'rous Mind, by Fortune ſtrongly tried,
Who Wealth and Want impartially defied,
And from the World ambitiouſly retired,
Full of that Glory, which his Soul deſired:
Confeſs ſuch Virtues cou'd no farther run,
And e'vn your boaſted *Atticus* outdone.

Yet, of his Merits, view the gather'd Fund;
How fitted for the buſy World he ſhun'd!

No

No uſeful Knowledge had eſcap'd his Ken,
Of ancient Authors, or of modern Men:
No Sourneſs in his Manners gave Offence,
The ſweeteſt Temper, and the ſoundeſt Senſe:
A Look ſerene, a Gentleneſs of Mind,
A Form delightful, and a Taſte refin'd:
Theſe all combin'd, and faſhion'd him with Eaſe,
To awe, to charm, to conquer, and to pleaſe.
Let prying Envy all his Actions ſcan,
She finds the Chriſtian, and the moral Man
Mix in each Scheme, and views his each Deſign,
Like Heroes' Souls, half humane, half divine.

Alaſs, theſe Praiſes give me ſome Delight,
Till more familiar Virtues riſe in Sight!
Prepare your Tears, and let our Sorrows blend,
For I muſt name the Father, and the Friend.

From whom deſcended, and to whom allied,
That feeble Baſis of miſguided Pride,

I paſs,

I paſs, as impotent his Fame to raiſe.
His Lineage is the Wiſe Man's pooreſt Praiſe;
And only ſerves the Flat'rer's fulſome Pen,
To rank a Fool above the Sons of Men.
Tho' ſuch his Birth as might his Merit grace,
His Merit ſuch as dignified his Race.

But while you read this indigeſted Scroll,
Wild as my Grief, diſtracted as my Soul;
Forgive your Friend, if his Endeavours fail,
His Thought ſubſiding, as his Tears prevail;
To ſhew how fondly, and how much he lov'd
That Worth which Men admir'd and Heav'n approv'd.

When Love or Grief employs the Poet's Strains,
Too plain his Stile diſcovers if he feigns;
Embroider'd Phraſe, and poliſh'd Verſe reveal,
He paints the Paſſion, but he does not feel.

Yet

Yet Want of Wit my Anguiſh ill defines,
(For that's a Figure frequent in my Lines;)
Nor Words can ſpeak, nor Images can ſhow,
Nor can ev'n Silence hint an equal Woe;
You can conceive it well, and you alone,
For Oh, you feel it, when you feel your own.

To

To Mrs ELIZA HAYWOOD, *on her* NOVEL, *call'd*, The Raſh Reſolve.

By Mr. SAVAGE, *Son of the late Earl* RIVERS.

DOom'd to a Fate, which damps the Poet's Flame,
A Muſe, unfriended, greets thy riſing Name!
Unvers'd in Envy's, or in Flatt'ry's Phraſe,
Greatneſs ſhe flies, yet Merit claims her Praiſe;
Nor will ſhe, at her with'ring Wreath, repine,
But ſmile, if Fame and Fortune cheriſh thine.

The Sciences in thy ſweet Genius charm,
And, with their Strength, thy Sex's Softneſs arm.

In thy full Figures, Painting's Force we find,
As Muſic fires, thy Language lifts the Mind.
Thy Pow'r gives Form, and touches into Life
The Paſſions imag'd in their bleeding Strife:
Contraſted Strokes, true Art, and Fancy, ſhow,
And Lights, and Shades, in lively Mixture flow.
Hope attacks Fear, and Reaſon Love's Controul,
Jealouſy wounds, and Friendſhip heals the Soul:
Black Falſhood wears black Gallantry's Diſguiſe,
And the gilt Cloud enchants the Fair-One's Eyes.
Thy Dames, in Grief, and Frailties, lovely ſhine,
And when moſt mortal, half appear divine.
If, when ſome Godlike, fav'rite Paſſion ſways,
The willing Heart too fatally obeys,
Great Minds lament what cruel Cenſure blames,
And ruin'd Virtue gen'rous Pity claims.

Eliza, ſtill impaint Love's pow'rful Queen!
Let Love, ſoft Love! exalt each ſwelling Scene.

Arm'd

Arm'd with keen Wit, in Fame's wide Liſts advance!
Spain yields in Fiction, in Politeneſs, *France*.
Such Orient Light, as the firſt Poets knew,
Flames from thy Thought, and brightens ev'ry View!
A ſtrong, a glorious, a luxuriant Fire,
Which warms cold Wiſdom into wild Deſire!
Thy Fable glows ſo rich thro' ev'ry Page,
What Moral's Force can the fierce Heat aſſuage?

And yet, — but ſay, if ever doom'd to prove
The ſad, the dear Perplexities of Love!
Where ſeeming Tranſport ſoftens ev'ry Pain,
Where fancy'd Freedom waits the winning Chain!
Varying from Pangs to viſionary Joys,
Sweet is the Fate, and charms, as it deſtroys!
Say then, — if Love to ſudden Rage, gives way,
Will the ſoft Paſſion not reſume its Sway?

Charming, and charm'd, can Love from Love retire?
Can a cold Convent quench th' unwilling Fire?
Precept, if human, may our Thoughts refine,
More we admire! but cannot prove divine.

The

The CHOICE.

To Mr. JOHN DYER, *of* Aberglaſney *in* Carmarthenſhire.

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

WHile charm'd, on *Aberglaſney*'s quiet Plains,
The Muſes, and their Empreſs, court your Strains,
Tir'd of the noiſy Town, ſo lately try'd,
Methinks, I ſee you ſmile, on *Towy*'s Side!
Penſive, her mazy Wand'rings you unwind,
And, on your River's Margin, calm your Mind.
Oh! — Greatly bleſs'd! — whate'er your Fate requires,
Your ductile Wiſdom tempers your Deſires!

Balanc'd within, you look Abroad, ſerene,
And, marking both Extremes, paſs clear, between.

Oh! cou'd your lov'd Example teach your Skill,
And, as it moves my Wonder, mend my Will!
Calm wou'd my Paſſions grow; — my Lot wou'd
pleaſe;
And my ſick Soul might *think* itſelf to Eaſe!
But, to the Future, while I ſtrain my Eye,
Each preſent Good ſlips, undiſtinguiſh'd, *by*.
Still, what I *wou'd*, contends with what I *can*,
And my wild Wiſhes leap the Bounds of Man.

If in my Pow'r it lies to limit Hope,
And my unchain'd Deſires can fix a Scope,
This were my *Choice* — Oh! Friend! pronounce me
poor:
For I have Wants, which Wealth can never cure!

Let

Let Others, with a narrow'd Stint of Pride,
In ſelfiſh Views, a bounded Hope divide:
If I muſt wiſh at all, — Deſires are free,
High, as the Higheſt, I wou'd wiſh to be!
Then might I, ſole ſupreme, act, unconfin'd,
And with unbounded Influence, bleſs Mankind.
Mean is that Soul, whom it's own Good can fill!
A proſp'rous *World*, alone, cou'd feaſt my Will.
He's *poor*, at beſt, who other's Miſery ſees,
And wants the wiſh'd-for Pow'r to give 'em Eaſe!
A Glory this, unreach'd, but on a *Throne!*
All were enough — And, leſs than *All*, is *none!*

This my firſt Wiſh — But, ſince 'tis wild, and vain,
To graſp at glitt'ring Clouds, with fruitleſs Pain,
More ſafely low, let my next Proſpect be,
And Life's mild Ev'ning this fair Sunſet ſee.

Far from a *Lord*'s loath'd Neighbourhood, — A
State!
Whoſe *little* Greatneſs is a Pride I hate!
On ſome lone Wild, ſhou'd my large Houſe be plac'd,
Vaſtly ſurrounded by a healthful Waſte!
Steril, and coarſe, the untry'd Soil ſhou'd be,
Till forc'd to flouriſh, and ſubdu'd by me.
Seas, Woods, Meads, Mountains, Gardens, Streams,
and Skies,
Shou'd, with a changeful Grandeur, charm my Eyes!
Where-e'er I walk'd, Effects of my paſt Pains,
Shou'd plume the Mountain Tops, and paint the
Plains.
Greatly obſcure, and ſhunning Courts, or Name;
Widely befriended, but eſcaping Fame;
Peaceful, in ſtudious Quiet, wou'd I live,
Lie hid, for Leiſure, and grow Rich, to *give*!

To Dr. WOODWARD.

By Mr. THOMAS COOKE.

SOme to enhance a Friend or Patron's Fame,
Borrow a *Grecian* or a *Roman* Name;
How oft has *Tully* with ſuch Views been rais'd!
And modern Quacks in *Galen*'s Name been prais'd!
Let me the juſt and nobler Task purſue,
To give Applauſe to whom Applauſe is due.
Let *Galen Galen*, *Ætius Ætius*, be,
To mention Either is to leſſen Thee.

Should ever Fortune dart a kindly Ray,
To crown my Studies with a happier Day;

Might

Might no intruding Cares my Thoughts moleſt;
And ſhould the Muſe reign ſtronger in my Breaſt;
Thy learned Precepts ſhould my Genius guide,
And thou the Guardian o'er my Song preſide.
Then to the wondring World I wou'd diſcloſe,
In Words beyond the feebler Pow'r of Proſe,
The Wreck of Nature, the prodigious Day,
When Adamantine Rocks diſſolv'd away;
When the *Leviathan* was Lord of All,
And roll'd the Monarch of the melted Ball.

Nor ſhould the Muſe the ardent Work decline,
Would'ſt thou aſſiſt the Poet's great Deſign,
Through unfrequented Paths her Flight to wing,
Where never Muſe before would dare to ſing;
She, with the Morning Sun, ſhould mount the Sky,
And round the Globe, in Search of Knowledge, fly.
Boldly ſhe wou'd the glorious Race purſue,
And by thy Doctrines trace all Nature through;

Whence

Whence the loud Thunders roar, and Zephyrs blow,
And forked Lightnings fright the World below;
Travel the various Seaſons of the Year;
Deſcribe the great Abyſs, that liquid Sphere;
The Source of Rivers, and whence Fountains riſe,
What drains their Springs, and what their Springs
ſupplies;
Whence Plants receive their vegetable Birth;
And whence the dread Convulſions of the Earth.
Thus ſhould the Muſe at once inſtruct, and pleaſe;
But theſe are Subjects for a Mind at Eaſe.

May Heav'n thy Life, great Friend of Art, pro-
long,
To find new Subjects for the Poet's Song;
If Ought in Nature yet unknown there be,
From whom can we expect to know, but Thee?
'Tis thine alone her Secrets to explore,
And 'tis from what thou'ſt done we hope for more.

Not

Nor is thy Soul to this one Gift confin'd,
Thy Study's to improve and bleſs Mankind.

And thus a grateful Muſe her Tribute pays,
Whoſe higheſt Merit is ſhe knows to praiſe;
Where Worth diſtinguiſh'd ſhines the Muſe can ſee,
Who, proud to tell it, views that Worth in Thee.

To a LADY, *on her Deſcent from the Firſt* Saxon *Kings of our Iſland.*

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

THat pow'rful Name, whoſe princely Meaning ſhows (flows,
From what high Spring your Blood's rich Current
With needleſs Awe, reminds us of your Race;
Since Heav'n has ſtamp'd *Dominion*, on your *Face*.
Still, in your ſov'reign Form, diſtinctly live
All Royal Rights your Father-Kings cou'd give:
In your commanding *Air*, we mark their State,
In your ſweet *Words*, their Wiſdom, and their Weight;
Warm, in your gen'rous *Breaſt*, their Courage lies,
And all their Power, and Mercy, in your *Eyes*.

An

An APOLOGY *to* BRILLANTE, *for having long omitted writing to her in Verſe. In Imitation of* Anacreon.

By Mr. SAVAGE, *Son of the late Earl* RIVERS.

CAn I matchleſs Charms recite?
Source of ever-ſpringing Light!
Cou'd I count the vernal Flowers,
Count in endleſs Time the Hours;
Count the countleſs Stars above,
Count the captive Hearts of Love;
Paint the Torture of his Fire,
Paint the Pangs thoſe Eyes inſpire!

(Pleaſing

(Pleaſing Torture, thus to ſhine,
Purified by Fires like Thine!)
Then I'd ſtrike the ſounding String!
Then I'd thy Perfection ſing.

Myſtic World! —Thou *ſomething More!*
Wonder of th' Almighty's Store!
Nature's Depths we oft deſcry,
Oft They're pierc'd by *Learning's Eye*;
Thou, if *Thought* on *Thee* wou'd gain,
Prov'ſt (like Heav'n) Enquiry vain.
Charms unequall'd we purſue!
Charms in ſhining Throngs we view!
Number'd then cou'd *Nature's* be,
Nature's ſelf were *poor* to *Thee.*

HORACE *to* LYDIA. *Imitated.*

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

I.

'TIS barb'rous, *Lydia!* thus to toy;
To try Concluſions, thus, with Lovers Hearts;
Thus, Chymiſt-like, tranſmute our Woe to Joy,
Digeſt, ſublime, fix Paſſions, or deſtroy!
As *hotter* Fires, or *colder*, you employ.
When the ſoft Arm of *Telephus* you praiſe,
Or, wantonly malicious, feign to gaze,
On that white Boſom, which a thouſand Ways,
The Love-caught Fool, grown vain, by ſeeming
Chance diſplays;
While You, and He, with different View,
Deceitful, art-directed Aims purſue,

(And

(And You, and He, *Both* pleas'd with trifling too;
You, that his Hopes you cheat, and *He*, that he
cheats You!)
I, all the while enrag'd at what I ſee,
Enrag'd, that Love not only *blind* ſhou'd be,
But *mad* enough to think, that none *ſees* more than
He;
Feel my ſwell'd Liver burn with hot Diſdain!
Sit ſtill, and curſe my ſhameful Pain,
Curſe Love, and all his Votaries in vain,
Grow mad, and pale, and ſick; and die, and live
again!

II.

Fool that I am, I know as well as ſhe,
She loves this Rival Fool no more than me!
As well as ſhe, I know, that all that Fire,
This counterfeited Show of rais'd Deſire,
Is but a common Trick, a fond Deſign,
To make Love's Flame thro' his weak Boſom ſhine,
And Jealouſy thro' mine!

I know all this, and know the Triumph too,
The cruel Pleaſure which will give her Pride,
To gain the Point her Vanities purſue;
And ſee her Arrows pierce my ſtubborn Side;
Yet ſuch are Woman's Pow'rs,
Or, ſo deficient Ours,
That, tho' I mark before my Eyes the Fate,
Which moſt I ſhun, and hate,
Spite of my ſelf, my Will does Paſſions wild Horſe ride,
And Love's looſe Bark ſails ſwift down Folly's frothy Tide!
Oft, ev'n unſummon'd Tears officious riſe,
And glare with wat'ry Promptneſs in my Eyes,
When his bold Arm your milky Neck inveſts,
Or his rap'd Fingers meet your riſing Breaſts;
Then the ſalt Stream does its hot Courſe begin;
Hot as the hidden Fires that ſcorch my Soul within!

III.

III.

But when at laſt emboldened by Delights,
Kiſſing in *Extacy*, your Cheek he bites!
And (poor, indulg'd, unthinking Youth!)
Crys, *Thus! I ſtamp my Mark of Truth!*
Good-night, miſtaken fooliſh Fair, I cry,
I ſhall not this time die!
How happy 'tis for Man, that Heav'n inclin'd,
At once to give you *Pow'r*, and make you *kind*,
Yet, ſince I *lov'd*, methinks, before I go,
Good Counſel is the leaſt I owe;
Think therefore with your uſual Wit,
What you may learn by being *bit*;
Think how ſevere the *Pains* he gives muſt be,
Whoſe very *Kiſſes* left thoſe Marks we ſee.

To AARON HILL, *Eſq*; *the Author of* King *Henry* the Fifth.

By Mr. CONCANEN.

WIth modern Strains and tuneful Trifles tir'd,
Poetick Charms my Soul no longer fir'd;
No more I rais'd my Voice in faint Eſſays,
Nor ſtrove to mimick what I could not praiſe:
Till yours appear'd, with ev'ry Grace endu'd,
Gave true Delight, and my old Flame renew'd.
Freſh Raptures to my Mind your Scenes infuſe;
Teach Verſe to charm, and rouſe the ſleeping Muſe;
Who, ſtarting from her Trance, addreſſes you,
Her Firſt-fruit Off'rings are at leaſt your Due.

So

So teach the riſing Larks — the warbling Throng
Firſt hail the Sun, who wak'd them to the Song.

SHAKESPEAR, whom All admire, Few underſtand,
By others marr'd, comes mended from your Hand,
What higher Praiſe can wait upon your Thoughts,
Than that his Beauties are eſteem'd your Faults?
High was that Chief in Claſſic Tale renown'd,
Who made *Rome* Marble, which he Brick-work found:
Nor leſs your Fame which from this Piece is told,
You found it Copper, and you made it Gold.

Accept this Homage which a Stranger pays,
Unconſcious who it is deſerves his Praiſe;
Who feels his Heart with Admiration glow,
Nor knows the wondrous Man who charms him ſo.
Since thus the fam'd *Athenian*'s Zeal was ſhown,
Who built an Altar to the *God unknown*.

To Lady E— H—.

By CLIO.

IT was not, that I loſt Direction;
Nor is it, that I want Affection;
No—To be ſilent I ſubmitted,
Becauſe I found myſelf outwitted:
You contrive all Ways to ſpite me,
You outlook me, and outwrite me:
Did I teach you all my Graces,
All the Muſe's different Paces;
In *Heroicks* to be bounding,
With Expreſſions high, and ſounding,
In ſweet *Lyricks* how to amble,
Or in airy *Odes* to ramble:

Did

Did I not the Art diſcover,
How, in Verſe, to *hunt* a Lover!
How, agreeably, to wind him,
And in pleaſing Fetters bind him,
So that Beauty cou'd not ſteal him,
Wit, nor Wine, nor Muſick heal him;
For a *Pen*'s a Magic Wand-a,
Govern'd by ſo fair a Hand-a;
And the Boſom, ſo gallanted,
May be ſaid to be *enchanted.*

'Ts not Face, as fair as Lilly,
Chalky Lady, looking *ſilly*,
That can hold a Lover to it,
'Tis alone the *Female Poet*;
Still in different Forms appearing,
To divert the Eye and Hearing;
And inſpire the raviſh'd Gazer
To adore her, and to praiſe her:

Not the Vapour that does lead us
By its Light o'er dewy Meadows,
Makes its Followers rage, and fret-a,
Half ſo much as a Coquet-a.

We're a Sort of Midnight Witches,
Men are our obedient Switches;
Is it not a pretty Scene-a,
To behold this large Machin-a?
Call'd the Lords of the Creation,
Ganders, dróve by Inclination!
Oh! I hate the wretched Victors,
Fancy fain wou'd paint their Pictures:
I cou'd hiſs theſe hideous Heroes,
Slaves before — and after, *Neroes*.
Now my Pen ſhall play *Vandike*-a,
And, with deathleſs Colours, ſtrike-a.

Sighing, ſending, ſadly ſobbing,
Leering, like a Thief a-robbing;

Silly,

Silly, ſaunt'ring, ſolitary,
Leſt their Lying ſhou'd miſcarry:
By a bubbling Stream complaining,
Staring, ſtamping, Stars arraigning!
Languid, lolling, picking Daizy,
Or a Straw, like People crazy!
No Dog, dancing, can exceed 'em,
You may drive 'em, or may lead 'em.

One of yours, of all the Throng-a,
Is the Fav'rite of my Song-a;
Wit enough for all the Others,
Flower, and Pearl, of younger Brothers.
Still, in Verſe, may he addreſs you,
And, on ev'ry Tree, confeſs you!
Till his Penknife ſpare no Bark-a,
In his noble Brother's Park-a.
May ev'ry Eccho ſigh your Name,
And ev'ry Puppy yelp the ſame,

While

While the flying Hare purſuing,
Mourning ſo their Maſter's Ruin;
Who hunts *you* through ev'ry Turning,
With his Paſſion, and his Learning.

To Both I wiſh a good Succeſs,
And this Letter in the Preſs;
Which for Wit, deſerves a Name-a,
In the brazen Book of Fame-a.

An

An EPISTLE *to Mrs.* OLDFIELD *of the* Theatre Royal.

By Mr. SAVAGE, *Son of the late Earl* RIVERS.

WHile to your Charms unequal Verſe I raiſe,
Aw'd, I admire, and tremble as I praiſe.
Here Art and Genius new Refinement need,
Liſt'ning, they gaze, and, as they gaze, recede!
Can Art, or Genius, or their Pow'rs combin'd,
But from *corporeal Organs*, ſketch the *Mind?*
When *Sound* embody'd can with *Shape* ſuprize,
The Muſe may emulate your Voice and Eyes.

Mark

Mark rival Arts Perfection's Point purſue!
Each rivals Each, but to excel in You!
The *Buſte* and *Medal* bear the *meaning Face*,
And the proud *Statue* adds the *Poſture*'s Grace!
Imag'd *at length*, the bury'd *Heroine*, known,
Still ſeems to wound, to ſmile, or frown in Stone!
As Art wou'd Art, or Mettal Stone ſurpaſs;
Her Soul ſtrikes, gleaming, thro' *Corinthian* Braſs!
Serene, the *Saint* in ſmiling Silver ſhines,
And *Cherubs* weep in Gold o'er fainted Shrines!
If long-loſt Forms from *Raphael*'s Pencil glow,
Wondrous in Warmth the mimic Colours flow!
Each Look, each Attitude, new Grace diſplays;
Your Voice and Motion Life and Muſic raiſe.

Thus *Cleopatra* in your Charms refines;
She lives, ſhe ſpeaks, with Force improv'd ſhe ſhines!
Fair, and more fair, you ev'ry Grace tranſmit;
Love, Learning, Beauty, Elegance, and Wit.

Cæſar,

Cæſar, the World's unrival'd Maſter, fir'd,
In her Imperial Soul, his Own admir'd!
Philippi's Victor wore her winning Chain,
And felt not Empire's Loſs in Beauty's Gain.
Cou'd the pale Heroes your bright Influence know,
Or catch the ſilver Accents as they flow,
Drawn from dark Reſt by your enchanting Strain,
Each Shade were lur'd to Life and Love again.

Say, ſweet Inſpirer! were each Annal known,
What living Greatneſs ſhines there not your Own?
If the griev'd Muſe by ſome lov'd Empreſs roſe,
New Strength, new Grace, It to your Influence owes!
If Pow'r by War diſtinguiſh'd Height reveals,
Your nobler Pride the Wounds of Fortune heals!
Then cou'd an *Empire*'s Cauſe demand your Care,
The Soul, that *juſtly thinks*, wou'd *greatly dare*.

Long has *feign'd Venus* mock'd the Muſe's Praiſe,
You dart, divine *Ophelia! genuine* Rays!

Warm

Warm thro' thoſe Eyes enliv'ning Raptures roll!
Sweet thro' each ſtriking Feature ſtreams your Soul!
The *Soul*'s bright *Meanings* heighten *Beauty's Fires:*
Your Looks, your Thoughts, your Deeds, each Grace inſpires!

Know then, if rank'd with Monarchs, here you ſtand,
What Fate declines, you from the Muſe demand!
Each Grace that ſhone of Old in each fam'd Fair,
Or may in Modern Dames Refinement wear;
What-e'er juſt, emulative Thoughts purſue,
Is all *confirm'd*, is all *ador'd* in *You!*
If Godlike Boſoms pant for Pow'r to bleſs,
If 'tis a Monarch's Glory to redreſs;
In conſcious Majeſty you ſhine ſerene,
In Thought a Heroine, and in Act a Queen.

The

The Invitation *from a Country Cottage.*

By CLIO.

CLoſe to the Fire-ſide confin'd,
By the cold Fogs, and piercing Wind,
Bleſs'd with my Dog, and Peace of Mind.
The chearful Ruſticks all ſit round,
Whoſe careful Hands improve the Ground,
After the Labour of the Day,
Upon the clean-ſwept Hearth, and play;
The well-uſed Pack of Cards was found,
Grown ſoil'd with often dealing round;
No Ceremony, here, they uſe,
But frankly wrangle, when they loſe;

The

The Hand that deals to all the reſt,
Returns not back to *Colin*'s Breaſt,
As among finer Gameſters ſeen,
Nor is the Table lin'd with Green,
But a plain, honeſt, cleanly Board,
Such as theſe humble Shades afford:
No Gold upon the Table ſhines,
But Chalk the homely Game confines;
Some Lad, more am'rous than the reſt,
Sings a ſad Ditty to their Gueſt,
Of ſome falſe Damſel, moſt ingrate,
Or melancholly *Bateman*'s Fate.
Believe, it pleaſes me, my Friend,
To ſee the artleſs Tears deſcend;
Their Eyes, that ne'er were *taught* to grieve,
Their Hearts, which nat'ral Paſſions heave,
Show lovely Nature all undreſs'd,
And charm my undeſigning Breaſt;
O! come, my Friend, and ſee *one* Place,
Where all Things wear an honeſt Face.

The Picture of Love.

By AARON HILL, *Esq*;

LOve is a Paſſion, by no Rules confin'd,
The great, firſt Mover of the humane Mind!
Spring of our Fate, It lifts the climbing Will,
Or ſinks the ſoften'd Soul in Seas of *Ill*.
Science, Truth, Virtue, Sweetneſs, Glory, Grace,
All are Love's Influence, and adorn his Race;
Love, too, gives Fear, Deſpair, Grief, Anger, Strife,
And all th' unnumber'd Woes which *tempeſt* Life.

Fir'd by a daring Wiſh to paint him right,
What Muſe ſhall I invoke to lend me Light?
O Something

Something *Divine* there lives in Love's ſoft Flame,
Beyond our Spirit's Power to give it Name!
How ſhou'd I paint it then? — Or, why reveal
A Pleaſure, and a Pain, which *All* muſt *feel?*

Soul of thy Sex's *Sweetneſs!* aid my Hope!
Pride of my Reaſon! and my Paſſion's Scope!
Thou, whoſe leaſt Motion does Delight inſpire!
And whoſe ſweet Eye-beams ſhed Cœleſtial Fire!
Thou, at whoſe Heav'n-tun'd Voice the Dead might
wake;
And from whoſe *Face* we fatal Learning take!
Teach me thy Godlike Power the Heart to move,
Smile on my Verſe, and *look* the World to *Love.*

Far, ye *Prophane!* from my chaſt Subject fly!
Nor ſtain its Brightneſs with a tainted Eye:
What, if a thouſand Woes the *Wanton* prove,
Whoſe Earth-born Heat uſurps the Name of Love?

Lovers,

Lovers, *indeed*, are caſt in no coarſe Mold,
How Few have yet been form'd, tho' *Time*'s grown
old!
No wild Deſire can this proud Bliſs beſtow,
Souls muſt be *match'd* in Heav'n, tho' mix'd below:

As Fire, by Nature, climbs direct, and bright,
And beams, in ſpotleſs Rays, a ſhining Light;
But if ſome groſs Obſtruction ſtops its Way,
Smokes in low Curls, and ſcents the ſullied Day:
So Love (itſelf untainted, and refin'd)
Borrows a *Tincture* from the colour'd Mind:
The Great grow Greater, while its Force they prove,
But little Hearts want Room, and *cripple* Love.

Cautious, ye Fated! who frequent the Fair!
Your Breaſts examine, nor too raſhly *dare!*
Curb your untruſted Hearts, while yet they're free,
Love is reſiſtleſs, when you feel 'tis *He*.

Small is the Soul's *firſt* Wound, from Beauty's Dart,
And ſcarce th' unheeded Fever warms the Heart;
Long we miſtake it under *Liking*'s Name,
A ſoft *Indulgence*, that deſerves no Blame!
A Pleaſure, we but take to do *Her* right,
Whoſe Preſence charms us, and whoſe Words delight!
Whoſe ſweet Remembrance broods upon our Breaſt,
And whoſe dear Friendſhip is with Pride poſſeſs'd.

Excited thus, the ſmother'd Fire, at length,
Burſts into Blaze, and burns with open Strength:
This Image, which, before, but ſooth'd the Mind,
Now, *lords* it there, and rages unconfin'd:
Mixing with all our Thoughts, It waſtes the Day,
And, when Night comes, It dreams the Soul away:
Pungent Impatience tingles in each Vein,
And the ſick Boſom throbs with aking Pain:

Abſent from Her, in whom alone we live,
Life grows a Bankrupt, and no Bliſs can give:
Friends are importunate, and Pleaſures loſt,
What once moſt charm'd us, now, diſguſts us moſt:
Fretful, to ſilent Solitude we run,
And Men, and Light, and noiſy Converſe ſhun.
Penſive, in Woods, on Rivers' Sides, we walk,
And to unliſt'ning Winds and Waters talk:
How next we ſhall approach her, pleas'd, we weigh,
And think, in Tranſport, all we mean to ſay:
Thus will we, bowing tenderly, complain,
Thus court her Pity, and thus plead our Pain.
Thus ſigh, at fancy'd Frowns, if Frowns ſhou'd riſe,
And thus, meet Favours in her ſoft'ning Eyes.

Reſtleſs, on Paper, we our Vows repeat,
And pour our Souls out on the miſſive Sheet:
Write, blot, reſtore, and in loſt Pieces rend
The mute Entreaters, yet too *faint* to ſend:

Unbleſs'd, when no Admiſſion we procure,
'Tis Heav'n, at Diſtance, — to diſcern her Door!
Or, to her Window, we by Night repair,
And let looſe Fancy to be feaſted there;
Watch her lov'd Shadow, as It glances by,
And to imagin'd Motions chain our Eye.
Has ſhe ſome Field, or Grove, or Garden bleſs'd?
Pleas'd, we re-tread the Paths her Feet have preſs'd:
Near her, by Chance, at Viſits, or at Plays,
Our ruſhing Spirits crowd, in ſpeaking Gaze:
Light, on her varied Airs, her Eye-balls ride,
Blind, as the Dead, to the full World beſide.

Enrich'd, by ſome kind Letter from her Hand,
The cheriſh'd Flame is into Madneſs fann'd:
Trembling, we half devour the ſacred Prize,
And lend our Lips, and Thoughts, to aid our Eyes:
No wild Extravagance of Joy too much,
For ought once warm'd by her enliv'ning Touch.

Theſe are the ſweet Effuſions of Deſire,
When Abſence wounds us, or when Wiſhes fire:
But when, in Perſon, we our Prayers addreſs,
Who can the Tumults of the Soul expreſs?
Boundleſs Deſire, aw'd Hope, and doubtful Joy,
Stormy, by Turns, the *veering* Heart employ:
Sick'ning, in Fancy's Sunſhine, now, we faint,
And Licence wounds us deeper than Reſtraint!
Fix'd in her opening Door, ſurpriz'd, we ſtay,
Dumb, and depriv'd of All, we wiſh'd to ſay:
Our Eyes flaſh Meanings, but our rooted Feet
Pauſe—till due Reverence ſaints the hallow'd Heat;
Soft Tremblings ſeize us, and a gentle Dread!
Speechleſs our Thought! and all our Courage fled!

Slowly reviving, we, from Love's ſhort Trance,
Softly, with bluſhful Tenderneſs, advance.
Bowing, we kneel, and her given Hand is preſs'd,
With ſweet Compulſion, to our beating Breaſt:

O'er it, in Exſtacy, our Lips bend low,
And Tides of Sighs, 'twixt her graſp'd Fingers flow,
High beats the hurried Pulſe, at each forc'd Kiſs,
And every burning Sinew akes with Bliſs.
Life, in a ſouly Deluge, ruſhes o'er,
And the charm'd Heart ſprings out, at every Pore.

The firſt fierce Rapture of Amazement paſt,
We *ſee*— we *hear* Her— and Deſire grows faſt:
We *gaze*,— and while Her powerful Beauties riſe,
A humid Brightneſs ſparkles from her Eyes:
Modeſt Diſquiet every Action wears,
And each long Look the Mark of Paſſion bears:
Diſorder'd Nature no cold *Medium* keeps,
Tranſport now reigns, and dull Reflection ſleeps:
All, that we wiſh, or feel, or act, or ſay,
Is above *Thought*, and out of *Reaſon's* way:
Joy murmurs, Anger laughs, and Hope looks ſad,
Raſhneſs grows prudent, and Diſcretion mad:

Reſt-

Reſtleſs, we feel our am'rous Boſom burn,
Now, this way look we, now, that way turn:
Now, in ſweet Swell of Thought, our lifted Eyes
Loſe their low Languor, and attempt to riſe:
Now, ſinking ſuppliant, ſeek the Charmer's Feet,
And court wiſh'd Pity, in their glanc'd Retreat:
Oft, in fix'd Gaze, they dwell upon her Face,
Then ſtart, aſtoniſh'd, from ſome dazzling Grace;
Now, in bold Liberty, fly out, unbid,
Now, aw'd, 'ſcape inward, 'twixt the cloſing Lid:

When we dare *ſpeak*, our Purpoſe to purſue,
The Words fall feath'ry, like deſcending Dew:
The ſoftning Accents, ev'n, in Utterance, die,
And the Tongue's Sweetneſs, here, outcharms the Eye:
Till Sighs, unſummon'd, Senſe, and Voice, confound,
But Lovers Meanings *ſpeak*, tho' robb'd of *Sound*.

Is

Is there no more? — Oh, yet, the Laſt remains!
Crown of our Conqueſt, Sweetner of our Pains!
There is a Time, when Love no Wiſh denies,
And ſmiling Nature throws off all Diſguiſe:
But who can Words to ſpeak thoſe Raptures, find?
Vaſt Sea of Extacy, that drowns the Mind.
That fierce Transfuſion of exchanging Hearts!
That gliding Glimpſe of Heav'n, in pulſive Starts!
That Ruſh of Joy! That wild tumultuous *Roll!*
That Fire! that kindles *Body* into *Soul!*
And, on Life's Margin, ſtrains Delight ſo high,
That Senſe breaks ſhort — and while we *taſte*, we *die*.

By Love's ſoft Force all Nature is refin'd,
The Dull made ſprightly, and the Cruel kind:
Gently our ſtubborn Paſſions learn to move,
And ſavage Hearts are humaniz'd by Love:
Love, in a Chain of Converſe bound Mankind,
And poliſh'd and awak'd the rugged Mind.

Pity,

Pity, Truth, Juſtice, Openneſs of Heart,
Courage, Politeneſs, Eloquence, and Art,
The gen'rous Fire, with which Ambition flames,
And all th' unſleeping Soul's divineſt Aims,
Touch'd by the Warmth of Love, burn up more bright,
Proud of the Godlike Power to give Delight.

Thus have I vainly try'd, with Strokes too faint,
Love, in his known and outward Marks, to paint,
Forgetful, that, of Old, they *veil'd* his Face,
And wiſely *cover'd*, what they cou'd not *trace*.

Lovely Creator of my Soul's ſoft Pain!
Pity the Pencil that aſpir'd in vain!
Vers'd in Love's Pangs, and taught his Pow'r by You,
Skill'd, I preſum'd, that what I felt, I drew:
But I have err'd; and with delirous Aim
Wou'd picture *Motion*, and impriſon *Flame*;
He, who can Lightning's Flaſh to Colours bind,
May paint Loves Influence on the Lover's Mind;

Then,

Then, when we *govern*, and can give him Law,
Then may we chain him, and his Image draw:
But who wou'd bind this God, muſt captive take
A Power, which all Mankind can Captives make:
I am too weak of Heart — Yet, I can tell
Thoſe, who *dare* ſeek him, Where he loves to dwell:
I ſee him *now* — In his *own Heav'n* he lies,
Cloſe at ſweet Ambuſh in *Miranda*'s *Eyes*.

VERSES

VERSES, *occaſioned by reading Mr.* AARON HILL'S POEM, *call'd* GIDEON.

By Mr. SAVAGE, *Son of the late Earl* RIVERS.

I.

LET other Poets poorly ſing
Their Flatt'ries to the *vulgar Great!*
Her airy Flight let wand'ring Fancy wing,
And rival Nature's moſt luxuriant Store,
To ſwell ſome Monſter's Pride, who ſhames a State,
Or form a Wreath to crown tyrannic Power!
Thou, who inform'd'ſt this Clay with active Fire!
Do Thou, ſupreme of Pow'rs! my Thoughts refine,
And

And with thy pureſt Heat my Soul inſpire,
That with *Hillarius'* Worth my Verſe may ſhine!
As thy lov'd *Gideon* once ſet *Iſrael* free,
So He with ſweet, ſeraphic Lays
" *Redeems the Uſe of captive Poetry,*
Which firſt was form'd to ſpeak thy glorious Praiſe!

II.

Moſes, with an enchanting Tongue,
Pharoah's juſt Overthrow ſublimely ſung!
When *Saul* and *Jonathan* in Death were laid,
Surviving *David* felt the ſoft'ing Fire!
And by the Great Almighty's tuneful Aid,
Wak'd into endleſs Life his mournful Lire.
Their diff'rent Thoughts met in *Hillarius'* Song,
Roll in one Channel more divinely ſtrong!
With *Pindar's* Fire his Verſe's Spirit flies,
" *Wafted in charmful Muſick thro' the Air!*
Unſtop'd by *Clouds*, *It reaches to the Skies*,

And

And join'd with Angels' Hallelujahs there,
ſlows mix'd, and ſweetly ſtrikes th' Almighty's Ear!

III.

Rebels ſhou'd bluſh when They his *Gideon* ſee!
That *Gideon*, born to ſet his Country free.
O, that ſuch Heroes in each Age might riſe,
Bright'ning thro' Vapours like the Morning Star,
Gen'rous in Triumph, and in Council wiſe!
Gentle in Peace, but terrible in War!

IV.

When *Gideon*, *Oreb*, *Hyram*, *Shimron* ſhine
Fierce in the Blaze of War as they engage!
Great Bard! What Energy, but Thine,
Cou'd reach the vaſt Deſcription of their Rage?
Or, when to cruel Foes betray'd,
Sareph and *Hamar* call for Aid,
Loſt, and bewilder'd in Deſpair,

How

How piercing are the hapleſs Lover's Cries?
What tender Strokes in melting Accents riſe?
Oh, what a Maſter-piece of Pity's there?
Nor goodly *Joaſh* ſhows thy Sweetneſs leſs,
When, like kind Heav'n, he frees 'em from Diſtreſs!

X.

Hail Thou, whoſe Verſe, a living Image, ſhines,
In *Gideon*'s Character your own you drew!
As there the graceful Patriot ſhines,
We in that Image bright *Hillarius* view!
Let the low Crowd, who love unwholſom Fare;
When in thy Words the Breath of Angels flows,
Like groſs-fed Spirits ſick, in purer Air,
Their earthy Souls by their dull Taſte diſcloſe!
Thy dazzling Genius ſhines too bright!
And they, like Spectres, ſhun the Streams of Light.
But while in Shades of Ignorance they ſtray,
Round Thee Rays of Knowledge play,
" *And ſhow Thee glitt'ring in abſtracted Day.*

N. B. *The Lines mark'd thus* " *are taken from* Gideon.

To

To Mr. JOHN DYER, *of* Carmarthenſhire.

By CLIO.

I'Ve done thy Merit and my Friendſhip Wrong,
In holding back my Gratitude ſo long;
The Soul is, ſure, to equal Tranſport rais'd,
That juſtly praiſes, or is juſtly prais'd:
The Gen'rous, only, can this Pleaſure know,
Who taſte the Godlike Vertue — to *beſtow!*
I ev'n grow rich, methinks, while I commend,
And *feel* the very Praiſes which I ſend.
Nor Jealouſy, nor female Envy find,
Tho' All the Muſes are to *Dyer* kind.

Sing on, nor let your modeſt Fears retard,
Whoſe Verſe and Pencil join, to force Reward:
Your Claim demands the Bays, in double Wreath,
Your Poems *lighten*, and your Pictures *breathe*.

I wiſh to praiſe you, but your Beauties wrong,
No Theme looks green, in *Clio*'s artleſs Song:
But Yours will an eternal Verdure wear,
For *Dyer*'s fruitful Soul will flouriſh there.
My humbler Lot was in low Diſtance laid;
I was, oh, hated Thought! a Woman made;
For houſhold Cares, and empty Trifles meant,
The *Name* does Immortality prevent.
Yet, let me ſtretch, beyond my Sex, my *Mind*,
And, riſing, leave the flutt'ring Train behind;
Nor Art, nor Learning, wiſh'd Aſſiſtance lends,
But Nature, Love, and Muſick, are my Friends.

On a Blank Leaf of COLIN'S Miſtakes, *in* CLIO'S *Window.*

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

I.

COlin! — in eaſy Flow of hum'rous Verſe,
'Tis own'd, thou doſt a thouſand Pens excel:
But thy trite Thoughts no ſtreamy Strength diſperſe,
And thou, methinks, at beſt, but trifleſt well!

II.

'Tis *one* of thy Miſtakes, ſo low to chuſe,
As from Old Stores, to ſteal a beaten Praiſe:
Strip the torn Robe from *Grecia*'s aged Muſe,
And, with the duſty Trophy, veil thy Bays!

III.

Nothing delights the Lovely, and the Wiſe,
But meaning Nature, and pathetick Force!
Beauty diſcerns a Flatt'rer's thin Diſguiſe,
Nor owns the Picture, where the Paint's too coarſe!

IV.

Oh! didſt thou live, That *Clio* to adore,
Whoſe Angel-Eyes here bleſs thy erring Wit,
Inſpir'd, as never Muſe inſpir'd before,
Thou would'ſt have *charm'd*, where, now, thou haſt but *writ*.

V.

Taught, by *her* Power, to feel the Paſſion ſtrong,
Thou hadſt diſdain'd the devious Turns of Art,
Look'd — and *improv'd* — and drawn the moving Song,
Not from thy mimick Mem'ry, but thy *Heart*.

On LADY CHUDLEIGH.

By CLIO.

METhinks I ſee, yet weeping o'er her Cell,
The Vertues, in her Breaſt once known to dwell.
Apollo mourns not for a *Son*, ſo long,
Great are their Numbers, and their Force is ſtrong:
But this ſoft Fav'rite, of the gentler Kind,
Scarce left Her Likeneſs, in Her Sex, behind.
Man look'd with Envy, and laid Learning by,
And let his uſeleſs Books neglected lie:
Her inborn Genius ask'd no foreign Aid,
A Muſe may be *improv'd*, but never *made*.

Goodneſs ſtill ſoften'd her ſuperior Senſe,
She knew nor Affectation nor Offence.
She check'd the Reins of Wit, and wou'd confine
Her brighter Thoughts, to let Another's ſhine.
Scandal, that common Shade of Womankind,
Dimm'd not the Candor of her glitt'ring Mind.
Not on her Friends alone ſhe ſmil'd, but Thoſe,
Whom Ignorance, or Envy, made her Foes.
Her Soul and Body ſeem'd unfitly join'd;
The Frame ſo weak, ſo nobly ſtrong the Mind!
But, when ſhe languid, and more feeble grew,
The ill-cas'd Diamond ſeem'd to ſparkle through.
As if it ſtruggled for it's native Light,
And ſcorn'd th' adhering Earth, that clogg'd its Flight.

The Mutiny *at* Cartha.

From the 7th Book of GIDEON: *An* EPIC POEM; *not yet publiſh'd.*

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

NIght's ſilent Influence, huſhing Care to Reſt,
Had, now, the wearied Legions well refreſh'd;
Slow, from the Eaſt, aroſe the bluſhing Dawn,
And Heaven's reluctant Veil was half undrawn:
While *Gideon* on a Scheme of *Wonders* bent,
In active Stillneſs mus'd within his Tent.
Sad, with Reflection, on his Country's Woes,
His Eyes, diſdaining Reſt, refus'd to cloſe.
While Thouſands, ſafe in his Protection, ſlept,
He *wak'd* for *Iſrael*, and her Miſeries wept;

Not, thro' Diſtruſt of Heaven's unfailing Aid,
Midian's proud Menaces he lightly weigh'd,
But griev'd his Country's Crimes, with conſcious Fear,
Leaſt Guilt ſhou'd make Deliv'rance coſt too dear.

Thus, while engulph'd in Seas of ſwelling Thought,
His lab'ring Mind revolv'd the impending Fate,
And ſome ſhort Courſe to Safety vainly ſought,
Preſs'd by his troubled Hoſt's endanger'd State;
Suddenly he hears a *Clarion*'s trembling Note,
Thro' the rent Air in ſtarting Ecchoes flote:
Near, and more near, th' advancing Calls encreas'd,
Then, flouriſhing abrupt, high-ſounding, ceas'd,

At the Tent Door, the careful *Phurah* lay,
And, waking, ſtarted at the Sight of Day;
Shook, from his Eye-lids, the Remains of Reſt,
And chas'd Sleep's Languor from his beating Breaſt:

To

To him thus *Gideon*— Haſte, and let me know,
From what new Cauſe yon Trumpet's Summons
ſprings!
Some threat'ning Motion of th' impatient Foe,
Or Doubt deceives me, or this Morning brings!

Obedient *Phurah* ſcarce had left the Tent,
E'er he, amaz'd, returning *Nathan* meets,
Who ſwift Admiſſion to his Lord entreats:
Brought to the expecting Preſence, low he bent,
And, ſighing mournful, gave his Anguiſh vent.

'Favour'd of Heaven! 'tis thy bleſt Hand alone,
That *Iſrael*'s angry God vouchſafes to own!
Where *Thou* art preſent, all Things proſp'rous flow,
Thou *abſent*, ebbing Fortune ſeeks the Foe:
Unequal to Deſigns, inſpir'd by Thee,
On *Reuben*'s Confines left, I ſtrove with Care,
Thy weighty Orders well obey'd to ſee,
And Arms, and Stores, in every Tribe, prepare;

But

But as malicious Tongues our Loſs had ſpread,
And told returning *Midian*'s threat'ning Aim,
Each riſing Hope ſunk back in ſwallowing Dread,
And Love of Safety Glory overcame.
On all Sides round me general Uproar roſe,
Gideon, they cry'd, provok'd, and wrong'd our Foes,
Let *Gideon*, ſingly, bear his Folly's Weight,
Why ſhou'd one raſh Man's Guilt involve a State?
In vain my lab'ring Reaſon ſtrove t' aſſwage,
By ſoftning Argument o'erpowering Rage:
Deaf to Reproach, Example, Threat'ning, Prayer,
All, for Submiſſion, with one Voice, declare:
Th' impatient Herd, at length, outragious grew,
And, while I ſooth'd them, Stones and Jav'lins, threw;
Endanger'd thus, I judg'd it beſt to fly,
That Thou, inform'd, might'ſt ſtronger Influence try:

Hither

Hither, aſham'd and griev'd, I took my Way,
But ſaw, confounded, as I paſs'd along,
That round *Bethpara*, *Midian*'s Army lay,
'Twixt us, and *Ophra*, ſtretch'd, immenſely ſtrong:
Our Paſſes now, ſurprizing, they ſecure,
And cutting off Retreat, make Ruin ſure.
Their Horſe, and light-arm'd Foot, yon Hills ſurround,
And preſs to force you from this fenceful Ground;
More, which I learn'd from a prevented Poſt,
Prince *Oreb*'s Army quits the *Tyrian* Coaſt,
Appeas'd by News, that *Joaſh* now was free,
And *Iſrael* had commenc'd Hoſtility:
Agag's ſucceſsful Arts have calm'd his Mind,
And Both march on, in mutual Friendſhip join'd:

Gideon, attentive, heard him, and reply'd,
This March of *Oreb* 'twill be wiſe to hide;
Preſerve That ſecret, till ſome Means I find,
To arm with ſtrength'ning Hope the People's Mind:

The

The Reſt, 'tis needful, that the Hoſt ſhou'd know,
Leaſt they, ſurpriz'd, behold th' advancing Foe:
Thy moſt unwelcome News is *Iſrael*'s Shame!
Blind to the Hand of Heav'n, and deaf to Fame;
Eight Tribes of Twelve, tame, and unactive, ſtand,
And ſee bold Plund'rers waſte their Brother's Land:
Diſhoneſt Indolence! ignoble Dread!
Yet am I bleſs'd, their faithleſs Hearts to know,
Whom, but for This, I might, deceiv'd, have led,
More baſely yet, to fly before the Foe;
But 'tis their Nature— Why do I complain?
Not They, but I, muſt Victory gain!
Heav'n bids me an unhappy People ſave,
Who never had been loſt, if wiſe and brave!
Nathan, return, with all the Speed of Hope,
While yet, perhaps, ſome Paſs may give Thee Scope;
In *Ophra*, ſtor'd, our heap'd Proviſion lies,
There, if the wily Foe advances, bold,

Cut

Cut off, at once, from all Supplies,
Iſrael is loſt with that important Hold.
Thou, in our Abſence, each ſlow Will provoke,
And every rugged Steep with Care defend,
Firmly aſſur'd, that no diſaſtrous Stroke
Shall, from my Hands, that fav'rite City rend;
She has my Sword her Guard, and God her Friend.

He ſaid; and ſtunn'd with ſudden Noiſe, forbore,
The Camp, on all Sides, rung, with gath'ring Roar;
As when from far, with loud and frightful Sweep,
Some riſing Tempeſt drives th' o'erwhelming Deep,
Her moving Mountains, burſting on the Shore,
Roll a broad Sea, where Sands were ſpread before:
Deep in ſome Cave th' obſerving Shepherd lies,
Hears the big Wind, and pants with dumb Surpriſe;
So, when the Camp's low Huſh, and whiſp'ring Hum
Swell'd into Noiſe, and Mutiny grew proud,

Gideon,

Gideon, and liſt'ning *Nathan*, Both, ſeem'd dumb,
And ſtarted at a Change ſo boldly loud.

This was the *Furies* Work! The Toil of Hell!
Envy, Pride, Malice, Hatred, all Night long
Had ſtirr'd th' uneaſy Legions to rebel,
And ſpread their poiſ'nous Influence, broad and ſtrong:
A thouſand Shapes th' outragious Spirits took,
A thouſand flaming Brands, high-threatning, ſhook;
In every Face they ſtampt a pale Deſpair,
And kindled every Breaſt with burning Care;
To every Eye the Tongueleſs Twelve they ſhow,
Freſh-bleeding Patterns of impending Woe,
For all muſt fear *like* Vengeance from the Foe.

Curious, to captive *Shimron*, by Degrees,
Seditious Crowds the lab'ring *Furies* drew;
The haughty Chief with Pride the Concourſe ſees,
And, frowning, nods ſevere, at whom he knew:

With

With piercing Glance, examines each Man's Brow,
And, bent on Vengeance, weighs th' important *How!*
Sharp-ey'd *Revenge*, that well diſcern'd her Time,
Perch'd, blazing, on his Helm, and tower'd ſublime;
With fiery Talons irritates his Breaſt,
And claps her ſounding Wings high o'er his Creſt.
With more than humane Flame his Eye-balls glare,
And Rage glows horrid over all his Air;
At laſt, with trembling Voice, he Silence broke,
And, hoarſe with Starts of troubled Paſſion, ſpoke.

Doom'd to Deſtruction by no Fault of mine,
Why come ye hither on my Shame to gaze?
What is't to *Me*, that *Gideon*'s wild Deſign
Has ſold your Lives, in Thirſt of airy Praiſe?
What is't to *me*, that his Boy-Brother dy'd?
His Angel's boaſted Errand urg'd their Fate!
Proud to *believe*, They, firſt, the Promiſe try'd,
And have *bid fair indeed* to free the State!

Deceiv'd

Deceiv'd by flattering Dreams of Heav'nly Aid,
This *Saviour*'s Race their Country have betray'd,
And I their *Skreen*, their *Sacrifice* am made!
Your new-rais'd Gen'ral does, it ſeems, diſcern,
That *Shimron* has his Trade of War to learn!
What tho' great *Jabin Shimron*'s Value knew,
Tho *Barac* priz'd, and *Siſera fear'd* him too;
Wiſe *Gideon*'s Foreſight far outfathoms Theſe,
Deep, into Truth, his untry'd Reaſon ſees!
O Friends! O Countrymen, to Ruin ſold!
With Grief of Heart your Danger I behold:
Burning for brave Revenge, your Wiſhes claim
Some Leader, who might *Midian*'s Fury tame;
But Truth is bold; How can this Man be He,
Whom God appoints to ſet a *People* free!
What Step of His has proſper'd? — ſcarce with Life
His hoary Father from his Errand came,
Sav'd, but by Chance, thro' *Midian*'s Civil Strife!
Next, his raſh Brothers were cut off with Shame!

Thouſands

Thouſands now, Food for Birds and Beaſts, lie dead,
By their deluſive *Hail from Heav'n* miſſed!
How then ſhall *He* find Means to ſave the State,
Who cou'd not his poor Family defend?
O Friends! — your Diſappointment muſt be great,
If on his fancy'd Angel you depend;
Fly from the threatning Evil, e'er it falls;
And dare but follow, where Diſcretion calls;
If in the Camp ſome Chief may yet be found,
Who knows to guide you, chuſe him, and obey;
If not, ignobly keep this ſcanty Ground,
Till *Midian*'s Hoſt their Enſigns here diſplay,
And cloſe you, when you wiſh to march away.

Furious, with one Accord, the clam'rous Crowd
Grew fiercely mutinous, and ſhouted loud:
Shimron, they cry'd, ſhall lead us; — who, but *He*,
Has Skill to ſet dejected *Iſrael* free?
Shimron our Chief! *Shimron* our Guide! they cry,
Let *Shimron* live, and the raſh *Gideon* die!

To *Midian* give him up; — their Wrath appeaſe;
Let him, who caus'd our Danger, buy our Eaſe:

As when ſome hoſtile Hand, in winding Train,
Sheds a long ſable Path of fiery Grain,
Touch'd at one End, th' advancing Flame flies ſtrong,
And ſhoots its ſwift-devouring Flaſh along;
Till every dusky Atom, catching Fire,
In one vaſt Force th' united Heaps aſpire;
So, from the Mutiny, once gathering Head,
Wide, thro' the Camp, the fierce Contagion ſpread;
Diſdaining Bounds, th' unbridled Madneſs ſwells,
And deaf'ning Inſolence Advice repels;
Loud to their Arms th' unruly Cohorts fly,
Reſolv'd their Points againſt their Chief to try;
Shimron provokes, and headlong drives them on,
Bright, o'er their Ranks, th' incumbent *Furies* ſhone,
All but loud *Rage* — She, to full Influence bent,
Stood in fierce Rapture over *Gideon*'s Tent:

Round

Round her red Head a bloody Flag ſhe ſhook,
Beck'ning Deſtruction with impatient Look,
And height'ning the Confuſion, more and more,
Stuns the Camp round her with unceaſing Roar:

As when o'erclouded Heaven on all Sides low'rs,
And burſting Thunder roars thro' falling Showers,
The Wind groans heavy, and the flooded Plain,
Smokes, like a Furnace, with the fluicy Rain:
Swift to ſome Shade the half-drown'd Flocks retreat,
And dark, beneath, in conſcious Terror, bleat:
So, from all Parts alarm'd, the Faithful run,
To guard the General, or his Foes to ſhun;
Thick round his Tent th' aſtoniſh'd Leaders meet,
And, kindly heartleſs, urge his ſafe Retreat:
Adoram came, with dumb and mournful Grace,
Abdiel with honeſt Bluſhes on his Face!
Joaſh with Hands uplifted, loſt in Grief,
And good *Eliakim* with ſhock'd Belief:

As when arm'd Huntſmen, led by Torches Light,
Beſet ſome Thicket in the Duſk of Night,
And preſſing in, with Shouts, and Claſh of Arms,
Rouze the ſnar'd Savages with loud Alarms:
If, there, that Night a Lion chanc'd to ſleep,
Pitying the trembling Herds, that round him creep;
Free from their Fear he moves, with angry Eye,
And, low'ring, ſtalks, indignant, proudly ſlow,
Back waving his long tufty Tail, on high!
Nor waits the Jav'lin's meditated Throw,
But bears Defiance on th' advancing Foe:
So, when to *Gideon's* Tent the Captains came,
And told th' Occaſion of th' approaching Flame,
Smiling unmov'd at their deſponding Care,
Mild, he paſs'd thro' them with ſuperior Air:
Nor ſtay'd till Time might Violence aſſwage,
But met the Tempeſt, in its infant Rage,

Behind him preſs'd the Chiefs, and Guards, amaz'd,
And trembled at the Confidence, they prais'd;

Th'

Th' impetuous Rebels ruſhing toward his Tent,
Halting, beheld him, and with Wonder gaz'd;
Aw'd at his Preſence, doubting his Event,
They weigh, confounded, what his Daring meant:
So, when fierce Winds on wintry Oceans roar,
And, from the Bottom, plough th' enormous Surge,
Tumbling in watry Mountains to the Shore,
Their dark'ning Way the foaming Billows urge:
If, then, ſome Rock's broad Side, th' Impreſſion breaks,
Back rolls the Tempeſt with outragious Sweep,
Far to the Sea, repuls'd, the Cliff forſakes,
And opening frightful leaves a murmuring Deep.

His fated Sword th' advancing Heroe drew,
And while his Eyes, diſdainful, pierc'd them thro';
Cloſe to the Rebels low'ring Front he preſs'd,
Whoſe Spears, thick threat'ning, glitter'd at his Breaſt;
Is this a Time! — Ye thoughtleſs Blots of War!
In your Foe's Sight, to dream of *Civil* Jar?

Some fitter Seaſon chuſe to waſte in Strife,
Nor think of Diſcord, while unſure of Life!
Averſe to Duty, and undoom'd to Fame,
Avoid Deſtruction, if you fear not Shame!
Strongly ſurrounded, ſince you cannot fly,
March, and be pardon'd; or perſiſt, and die.

With that, his lifted Arm the Signal gave;
The watchful Guards diſcern'd th' imperious Wave;
The Drums and Trumpets aid their Chiefs Deſign,
And by known Sounds immediate March enjoin:
As ſome skill'd Fowler does the Stubble try,
And ſtarts to ſee the fluttering Covey riſe;
Sudden he lift the Tube, with aimful Eye,
And up Heav'n's Hill th' exploded Thunder flies;
Th' o'ertaken Flock diſorder'd with Affright,
Wheel in ſhort Sallies, devious, down the Skies;
A-while skim, circling, and play round in ſight,
At laſt ſoar wide, and ſeparate in their Flight:

So,

So, ſtruck with Terror, and oppreſs'd with Doubt,
Th' expecting Rebels look'd, amaz'd, about;
His fear'd, and ſingle Danger, Each revolv'd,
And Rage, relax'd in Parts, throughout diſſolv'd.
All to their Enſigns haſted, to be led,
And ſtood prepar'd, their Captains at their Head.

Soon as the Heroe ſaw the Bands array'd,
Skill'd to diſcern Occaſion right,
And catch th' Advantage he had newly made;
He mov'd majeſtick with a ſlow Advance,
And, turning oft, threw round a piercing Glance:
His high-rais'd Voice enforc'd each apt Command,
The Files wheel, martial, round his beck'ning Hand:
Bold was his Geſture, and elate his Mind,
His waving Plumage floated in the Wind,
And in ſtretch'd Length the Legions march'd behind.
Forth from the Camp, th' expecting Hoſt he drew,
Where, at the parting of a broad Highway,
A green Turf-Mount roſe, circly, to the View,

The laſting Tomb, where Victor *Barack* lay,
Preſs'd by proud Loads of monumental Clay.
Gideon, to perfect his unfiniſh'd Will,
Obvious, aſcends the Summit of the Hill:
Round which inclining the clos'd Ranks to hear,
Thus he began, with Voice and Look ſevere.

Outcaſts of *Iſrael!* I, with Grief, diſcern
Your bleeding Country's Truſt conferr'd but ill!
You have, I find, your Duty yet to learn,
And meaſure your Obedience by your Will:
E'er I in Fight our common Cauſe expoſe,
Or, with Doubt-wavering Bands confront the Foes,
The Faithful from the Guilty to divide,
The Virtue mix'd among you ſhall be try'd:
Let every Man, who dares on Heav'n depend,
And loves the Title of his Country's Friend;
Who learns at once to conquer, and obey,
Nor wou'd his General, or his Cauſe betray:

Silent

Silent march out, and on my Right take Place,
While, on my Left, the Foes of proffer'd Grace,
Known, and diſtinguiſh'd, my Oppoſers ſtand,
Objects of Scorn, and hoſtile to the Land.

As when, with pendant Fan, ſome lab'ring Hind
To his heap'd Corn the winnowy Waſt applies,
In ſmoth'ring Clouds, before the forceful Wind,
The driving Chaff, in duſty Volumes flies:
Long, the white Tempeſt hov'ring hides the Floor,
At laſt, falls diſtant, and the Grain lies pure:
So, at their angry Chief's prolifick Word,
The various Hoſt in buſy Murmur ſtirr'd;
Mix'd, and confus'd a while, th' encumber'd Swarms
Move indiſtinct, and claſh entangled Arms;
Perplex'd in Motion the croſs Currents flow,
And, either Way, dividing, ſeparate ſlow:

As a thick Miſt, which to the Hills has clung,
And long, wide-dark'ning, o'er the Valley hung;

Riſing,

Riſing, at laſt, no more the Plain can ſhade,
And ſhows, on either Side, a woody Glade:
Divided thus, the ſorted Army ſtands,
In two diſtinct, but far unequal Bands:
Ten thouſand to their General's Side adher'd,
And faithful *Abdiel*, at their Head, appear'd,
But twice Ten thouſand to the Left declin'd,
Sullen, and haughty, like their Leader's Mind;
For, in the Front of theſe bold *Shimron* tower'd,
And, like a wint'ry Cloud, impendant, lower'd.

'Twixt the two Parties, *Gideon* ſtanding high,
Silent, obſerv'd, with ſtern and heedful Eye,
The Look and Air of Each who paſs'd him by.
Round the bold *Abdiel* He thoſe Captains ſpy'd,
Who, late, retreating from the fatal Poſt,
March'd ſlow, and warlike, and the Foe defy'd,
And brought the Captive Chiefs to *Iſrael*'s Hoſt;
Theſe, from the Mount deſcending to invite,
He call'd, ſweet-ſmiling, from among the reſt,

And

And where he ſtood, in Both near Party's Sight,
Thus the brave Chiefs with high-rais'd Voice addreſt.

In War and Peace, I ſhall two Points regard,
To puniſh Guilt, and Virtue to reward:
The Laſt, moſt welcome to a Patriot's Choice,
Is that to which your Courage, now, lays claim:
Iſrael, unbleſt in Virtues, ſhou'd rejoice
For Sons, who dare, like you, aſpire to Fame!
None preſent can be ignorant of that Worth,
Which now to thank, I proudly call you forth:
Hear, all ye Legions, rang'd on either Side,
Be Witneſs of an Oath, I ſwear, with Pride:
So may th' Almighty bleſs my future Days,
As I *reward* the Worth, which now I *praiſe*.
Abdiel! mean while, in Pledge of what I ſwear,
And Proof, what Love I to thy Virtue bear,
Theſe publick Tokens of my Friendſhip wear.

So,

So ſaying, croſs his Breaſt the Heroe ty'd,
The purple Robe, which his own Shoulders grac'd,
Bound his own Sword to the brave Warrior's Side,
And on his Head his creſted Helmet plac'd.
Then, turning graceful, to his loyal Band,
Approve, ſaid he, theſe Marks of juſt Regard;
Bow all your Enſigns with declining Hand,
And general Shouts concurr in their Reward.
Sudden, conſenting Clamour rends the Sky,
The ſweeping Enſigns toward the Captains bend,
The thundering Drums their loudeſt Hoarſeneſs try,
And the ſhrill Trumpets ſweet Concurrence lend.

Shimron, mean while, with his ſuſpended Throng,
Stood ſullen, and obſerv'd theſe Honours paid;
Stung with a conſcious Senſe of purpos'd Wrong,
And aw'd beneath a Worth, he had betray'd:
To them, ſeverely frowning, *Gideon* turn'd,
And pierc'd their Squadrons with reproachful Eye,
Then ſpoke, and ſpeaking, with ſharp Anger burn'd.

Dream

Dream you, that *Iſrael*'s ſtrengthen'd by *your* Aid?
What *were* you, wanting *me*, but *limeleſs* Sand?
Wretches, like *you*, where-e'er a Levy's made,
Swarming, encumber, and o'erload a Land!
I lend you Influence; — when unled you go,
Powerleſs, your Ruin ſhall not need a Foe;
Loſt, like proud Rivers, which their Banks o'erflow.
Weak, in th' unbounded Loſeneſs of your State,
Your Independance will become your Fate.
What Wonders wou'd your impious Raſhneſs do?
What Hope! what Aim! what Wiſh do you purſue?
Wou'd your rebellious Madneſs *God* ſubdue?
Gideon can never want ſuch Helps as you!
The Bleſs'd by Heav'n make light of vulgar Aid:
And, when your Pride my Orders diſobey'd,
You then your Country and yourſelves betray'd.
Unworthy to be Partners in my Fame,
I baniſh you to the Remorſe of Shame!

Leave

Leave me — And when you wou'd my Triumph ſee,
The hiſſing Populace ſhall point, and cry,
Theſe are the Slaves, who might have ſet us free,
But did their General, not their Foe defy:
No longer boaſt a Soldier's glorious Name,
Take your Arms with you, I their Aid diſclaim:
But your diſhonour'd Enſigns leave behind,
Nor ſhall your warlike Trumpets with you go,
Rebels no Uſe for Marks of Honour find,
Nor need they Chiefs, who dare not face a Foe!
Shimron, your Head! ſhall all your Guilt atone,
Be gone: — and leave him to his Fate alone,
E'er I recall the Mercy, I have ſhown.

He ſaid, and ſtepping angry from his Place,
Seiz'd the pale *Shimron* in his Party's Head;
The back'ning Ranks turn, trembling, from his Face,
And o'er the Field in looſe Diviſion ſpead: (bound,
There, burſt the Knot, which Satan's Strength had
And Hell groan'd upward with deſponding Sound:

Con-

Confirming Thunder thrice was heard from high,
And in loud Triumph ſhook the conſcious Sky.

As in ſome Reedy Vale, 'twixt two Hills Height,
A wintry Sheet ſpreads broad its chearleſs White;
There, if the Flags beneath, by Chance, take Fire,
While in long Beams the ſtrength'ning Flames aſpire;
Down melt on every Side the ſtreaming Snows,
And kindly Warmth, o'er the freed Valley flows:
So, from intrepid *Gideon*'s riſing Rage,
Th' aſtoniſh'd Rebels, diſconcerted, fly;
His Frown, Voice, Mien, did all their Pride aſſwage,
Nor dar'd they meet th' Excurſions of his Eye.
What help'd it, that they might have pierc'd his Breaſt,
And by *His* Death have uninſpir'd the reſt?
Superior in his Soul his Genius tower'd!
And ev'n their very *Wills*, like Heav'n, o'erpow'r'd!
Impale, ſaid he, and with a ſtormy Grief,
His Eyes flaſh'd Light'ning on the trembling Crowd:

Impale,

Impale, on yon green Mount that haughty Chief,
Who, of his undeſerv'd Succeſſes proud,
Has, to his Country's Shame, her Sons miſled,
And dares Rebellion's Paths thus early tread.

While he was ſpeaking, a rough Train drew round,
But e'er th' aſtoniſh'd *Shimron*'s Arms they bound,
Loud through the Preſs a frighted Youth broke in,
With Eyes faſt-ſtreaming, and with Hands uprais'd;
He wou'd have ſpoke — and panted to begin;
Claſp'd *Shimron*'s Knees, diſorder'd, and amaz'd,
Kneel'd, and look'd wild, and in dumb Meaning gaz'd.
The ſullen Chief, by Pity mov'd, grew mild,
And ſtooping mournful kiſs'd th' afflicted Child:
He, too, eſſay'd to ſpeak — but ſtrove in vain,
Sorrow's ſalt Flood, ſpite of his Pride, ſwell'd high,
And choak'd his riſing Voice with throbby Pain:
His cloſe-wing'd Soul drew back, averſe to fly,
And ſtarting Tears hung quivering in his Eye.

At laſt, long ſtruggling, like a driſly Wind,
Which, charg'd with Rain, does canvaſs'd Barks aſſail;
And lab'ring furious, vex'd to be confin'd,
Rending, burſts thro', and ſplits the bellying Sail:
Confus'd, aſham'd, enrag'd, with Accent broke,
In Look and Geſture, diſcompos'd, he ſpoke.

Perhaps, I err, but were it Guilt, or not,
The Soul of *Shimron* ſcorns to mourn his Lot:
'Scap'd from my Stroke, go on!—thy Country ſave,
Happier, I find, than I, but not more brave!
Think not that, fall'n, I wou'd my Will diſown!
If now I grieve my towering Hopes o'erthrown,
Believe it not a Coward's empty moan!
One Curſe hangs heavier, than thy Hand *can* be,
That *Shimron* ſhou'd have ought to ask of *Thee*.
But Miſeries cannot long be ſhunn'd below,
And to *bear nobly* is to *baffle* Woe.

What I wou'd ask Thee, will be ſoon expreſs'd,
This friendleſs Youth, by my near Death, diſtreſs'd,
Is not my Son, but dearer to my Breaſt:
His Parents, in my Childhood, took me in,
An Orphan, deſtitute of Hopes, or Aid;
And, by the tendereſt Care, my Soul to win;
My future Fortune their long Buſineſs made,
I ow'd them *All*, and I *no Little* paid!
But in the firſt black Year of *Midian*'s War
Their Wealth was waſted, and themſelves were kill'd;
This Boy, an Infant then, and abſent far,
Was ſav'd, that I might his fall'n Houſe rebuild;
I hop'd it ſo——But Fate can Hopes confound!
Cloſe to my Heart I, long, have held him bound;
But Death now tears him from my Love, to be
Doubly an Orphan, and deſtroy'd in me.
O, ſave his guideleſs Youth from Want and Woe!
Nor treat him ill, becauſe I die thy Foe!

He

He ſaid, and ſnatch'd the Boy to his Embrace,
Bow'd his Cheek o'er him with a tender Grace,
And veil'd the Tears, which trickled on his Face.

Gideon with Pleaſure liſten'd to his Prayer,
Felt all his Sorrow, and approv'd his Care;
Softening he wonder'd at the gentle Tale,
Which to Compaſſion thaw'd his manly Breaſt;
Juſtice was over-weigh'd by Mercy's Scale,
And, thus, the Godlike Chief his Will expreſt.

To *Me* the Charge of this good Youth reſign,
No Hopes he loſes, by becoming mine.
For Thee, whoſe Virtue, with thy Guilt, holds Strife,
This generous Gratitude has given Thee Life!
Wrongs aim'd at *Me*, one Virtue can efface,
Live then in Recompence, nor call it Grace:
Go, to thy Rebels, their loſt Head reſtore,
But be adviſ'd, nor Wrong thy *Country* more.

Gather the ſcatter'd Wretches to thy Care,
And guide the heartleſs Wanderers to their Home;
Heedful, that in their Way, they Guilt forbear,
Nor Rob, nor Murder, as at large they roam.

Shimron, confounded with Exceſs of Grace,
Turn'd from the Hero his diſorder'd Face;
Cover'd with Shame, withdrew his downcaſt Look,
And ecchoing Plaudits the wide Region ſhook.

On

To LADY HARVEY, *on a Converſation concerning* NAMES.

By MIRANDA.

I.

SOul-moving *Harvey*, in whoſe ſmiling Eyes,
The Azure Stamp of Heav'n, diſtinguiſh'd, ſhines;
Strong as your Beauty, let my Fancy riſe,
And your Flute's Sweetneſs modulate my Lines.

II.

While I, no Poet, yet, preſume to ſhow,
In Poet's Numbers, with unlicens'd Flame,
How our firſt Paſſions from Example flow,
And borrow that Example from our *Name*.

III.

The bleeding Boſom, and the pictur'd Fame,
Inſtruct each young *Lucretia* to be chaſt;
While little *Cleopatras* laugh at Shame,
And ſee no Faults in Thoſe whom Beauty grac'd.

IV.

Marg'ries and *Joans* may ſtray from Honour's Law,
Nor awe to Diſtance *Tom*'s and *Dick*'s Addreſs;
But *Portias* and *Cornelias* Rev'rence draw,
And with the decent Pride of Caution bleſs.

V.

Daphnis and *Corydon*, attractive Swains!
Strike, in *Idea*, and ſurprize by Sound:
While *Hodge* and *Triſtram* loſe their am'rous Pains,
And fright the *Sylvias* they propoſe to wound.

VI.

VI.

Ask your lov'd Lord, ſo letter'd, and polite,
Whether *Heers*, *Hop*, and *Rumpf*, in Times to come,
Can, in the Blaze of Story, ſhine as bright
As the ſmooth Legates of Old *Greece* and *Rome*?

VII.

Had *Bubb* been *Dodington*, e'er known to *Spain*,
What barb'rous Cenſures had our Nation 'ſcap'd!
The ſoft-mouth'd *Signiors* minc'd and fill'd in vain,
Thoſe ſtubborn Conſonants, ſo *Goth-like* ſhap'd!

VIII.

Who, that was chriſten'd *Julius*, dares be baſe,
When he looks back at his great Pattern's Fame?
Or, if ſome huge *Van-Trump* wants Air and Grace,
Who blames the Monſter, when he hears his Name?

IX.

Were I to ſay, what Title I wou'd wear,
Cou'd I *Knockfergus* or *Kill-patrick* chuſe;
When *Dorſet* and *Argyle* had tun'd my Ear,
Or *Harvey*'s ſofter Vowels charm'd my Muſe.

X.

Oh! what a tuneful Thunder ſhook the Tongue,
When *Marlbro'* (conqu'ring Sound) alarm'd the Foe!
Had *Jablonowski* led our Armies on,
The Gen'ral's ſcare-crow Name had foil'd each Blow.

XI.

Epaminondas! — Does that ſound like *Wills?*
Can ev'n *Your* Voice make rough *Cadogan* fall
With that ſoft Grandeur that ſo ſmoothly trills,
When we ſay — *Cæſar!* — *Hector!* — *Hannibal!*

XII.

XII.

Had *Hellena* been *Moll*, or *Paris*, *Hob*,
Troy had but *heard*, — and ſcap'd the fatal Flame:
Nay, were our *Walpole*'s ſelf but ſimple *Bob*,
Not ev'n his Politicks had rais'd his Name.

XIII.

Shunning the Vulgar Tracks of homely Sound,
Go on, fair *Harvey*, to diſtinguiſh well:
Let Names that ſuit your lovely Race, be found;
Add a *Bellaria* to the ſweet *Le-pell.*

XIV.

Round your lov'd Knees let *Altamiras* ſtand,
And ſoft *Cleoras* and *Olympias* ſmile:
Give us *Auguſtuſes* to grace our Land,
And pour their Mother's Sweetneſs round the Iſle.

To

To Mr. SAVAGE, *Son of the late Earl* RIVERS.

By CLIO.

OH tow'ring *Savage*, from thy Stars deſcend,
To viſit here below a mortal Friend;
Far in Wit's Vale ſhe lies, beneath thy Care,
Yet gay the Vallies ſhine, and ſweet the Air.
Oft from the ſimple Flow'rs her Thoughts ſhe took,
And ſtole the Language of the murm'ring Brook.
Oh! beyond all Things, native *Nature* charms;
The Critick's pointed Envy ſhe diſarms,
And the *Fool*'s Heart, Great Chief of Wonders! warms.
Nor let us ſhade her with Exceſs of Art;
O'er every thing the God of *Nature* reigns;

And

And the ſame glorious Hand that form'd the Heart,
Tun'd it to move, at Paſſion's melting Strains.
Harmonious Nature does thoſe Paſſions guide,
And ſigh-blown Tears ſwell high the ſummon'd Tide.
O'er godlike *Shakeſpear*, Oh! how oft I weep,
And rob the lazy Night of promis'd Sleep.
My Eyes of aking Injuries complain,
They bend — but Oh! they fondly read again,
And, for his Sake, their falling Lids reſtrain.
Yet, bluſhleſs, be it to the prudent known,
'Tis not for *Shakeſpear* that I wake alone;
Another Rival riſes to his Fame,
Hillarius! — Nature ſparkles at his Name!
Oft have I wiſh'd e'er I *Hillarius* knew;
I might have read the *living Shakeſpear* too;
And Heav'n, that treaſures ev'ry holy Pray'r,
Transfus'd his Soul, ſo worthy of its Care.
A younger *Shakeſpear* riſes to my Sight,
Beam'd from the other *Shakeſpear*'s deathleſs Light.

Alike

Alike divinely are their Spirits wrought,
And one great Mind breathes jointly in their Thought.
In alter'd *Henry*'s Conduct, I behold
Hillarian Fire refining *Shakeſpear*'s Gold.

See, *Savage!* ſee! *Hillarius* cuts the Sky,
Keep, while you ſoar, his Brightneſs in your Eye.
He ſaw thy Worth, rich beneath gloomy Fate,
Chear'd thy cold Hopes, and taught 'em to be Great!
Already Fame is of thy Numbers proud,
Lifts its juſt Voice, and ſpeaks thy Praiſe aloud.
Thy gen'rous Verſe, with Wonder we behold,
Paint Friendſhip's Beauties, who haſt found her cold!
What Hand invited thy poor Bark to Shore?
What Heart has felt the Wrongs which you deplore?
None chear'd thy Youth, to trembling Want reſign'd,
Chance prun'd the promis'd Vintage of thy Mind:
No tender Parent bleſs'd thy Infant Songs,
Fore'd on a World — and only rich in Wrongs!

But

But Nature now, awak'ning at thy Song,
Will pity, ſure! that ſhe has ſlept ſo long.
Yes — Ev'n thy *Mother* will thy Influence feel,
And who will *wound*, when *ſhe* conſents to *heal!*
Parents, not Thine, mean while Thy Wrongs can ſee,
And, weeping, wiſh for Sons reſembling Thee.

To EVANDRA, *on ſeeing ſome* POEMS *of her writing.*

By MIRANDA.

WOnder not, ſhining Proof of Female Wit,
That I, by Nature, for *Deſign*, unfit,
In artleſs Verſe applaud your riſing Name,
And teach our envious Sex to aid your Fame.
A Woman's Fame, methinks, all Women ſhare:
And Policy ſhou'd make her praiſe their Care:

Envy,

Envy, to Vanity alone gives Place;
And livelier Wit attones a lovelier Face.
Mountague's Eyes, what Woman cou'd forgive,
But that Her Verſe muſt all her Charms outlive?
The Sex's *Pride* can ev'n their *Spleen* refine,
And ſhe who *honours* All, may All *outſhine*.

Why ſhou'd vain Man ſuperior Spirit boaſt?
Is his Soul brighter, 'cauſe his Strength is moſt?
Miſtaken Fondneſs of a falſe Deſert!
In *Power*, we grant, the Tyrant Slaves the Start:
But, in *Wit*'s glitt'ring Race, the Boaſters find,
Your wing'd Advance, leaves *Them* as far behind.

On the Incomparable MIRANDA's *commending what I writ.*

By EVANDRA.

WHen Angels, crown'd with beatifick Reſt,
Forget their Hymns to Him, by whom
They're bleſt:
Stoop from their Heav'n this lower World to view,
And kindly mark, what trifling Mortals do:
The Act can only from Compaſſion flow;
Mercy, not Juſtice, does the Grace beſtow:
Nor ſhou'd the Wretch, ſo favour'd, haughty grow.

My humble Muſe, tho' by *Miranda* prais'd,
Muſt to no Swell of conſcious Worth be rais'd;
Her Goodneſs, to deſerve, or to requite,
Like *Her* I muſt reflect, like *Her* muſt write.

While

While ſhe obliges, ſhe inſtructs me too,
Fame, by Her great Example, to purſue:
By Heav'n's Indulgence ſhe was ſurely ſent;
Our Sex, at once, to teach, and ornament!
A ſparkling Soul, in Form divine, enſhrin'd!
A *Venus'* Aſpect — and *Minerva's* Mind!

On ſeeing Mr. ELLYS's *Picture of Mrs.* OLDFIELD, *drawn by Fancy, without her Sitting for it.*

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

I.

BOld as *Prometheus*, thou haſt ſtol'n a Fire,
That never flam'd before, but in her Eyes;
Save us from Painters, who, like Gods, aſpire
To ſtrike our Soul's Ideas, as they riſe!

II.

II.

Known are the Maſters of the *Roman* School,
Who copied Life till Shadows ſeem'd to live:
But what art Thou! who dar'ſt eſcape all Rule,
And Thought, and Utt'rance, to thy Pictures give?

III.

Cautious, ye Beauties of our charmful Iſle,
Truſt your fam'd Faces to this ent'ring Eye;
Deep, thro' the dimply Covert of your Smile,
The dang'rous Diver ſees, where Secrets lie.

IV.

Cloſe at your ſhadow'd Hearts, he works conceal'd,
And ſteals, unnoted, your ſoft Souls away:
Till on the colour'd Plain you ſtand reveal'd,
And every naked Paſſion ſtarts at Day.

V.

Let thy lamented Shade, O *Kneller*, reſt,
More than ſupplied, by this young daring Hand:
Graves, by his Art, may half be diſpoſſeſs'd,
And *Ellis* wake from Death th' unpeopled Land!

VI.

Oh! that ſome ancient Pencil, warm as Thine,
Had lengthen'd *Cleopatra*'s Life till now:
Match'd with thy Theft, and mingling Shine with Shine,
'Twou'd charm me, to compare each Rival Brow.

VII.

Or, had the Godlike *Cæſar*, e'er he fell,
Transfus'd his Soul, on Pictures, like thy own,
What wou'd I give on the lov'd Life to dwell,
And ſee an Art, like Thine, his Death atone!

SLEEP.

SLEEP.

By MIRANDA.

COme, peaceful Sleep, and calm my ruffled Mind,
Great Woes in thee can Relaxation find;
Sure then, 'twill be an eaſy Task of thine,
To heal ſuch ſmall, ſuch unfix'd Griefs, as mine:
Life's Care, corroding, wou'd inſatiate prey,
With direful Ravage on this breathing Clay,
Did not thy balmy Influence, hov'ring o'er,
The drooping Energy of Souls reſtore,

In thee the weary *Toiler* finds his Reſt,
Thy gentle Slumbers calm the *frantick* Breaſt:

The *Scholar*'s active Brain to thee gives way,
Thou doſt the buſtling *Stateſman*'s Haſte delay,
And bidſt him wait thy Will, till a new Day.

The ſlighted *Lover*, oft careſs'd by thee,
Does, in warm Dreams, his ſcornful Conqu'ror ſee,
Kind, as his Wiſhes, and as bleſt as He.
The Royal *Captive*, by thy Help, maintains
His raviſh'd Sceptre, and wiſh'd Freedom gains;
Beholds his Victor on his Triumph wait,
And freſh'ning Laurels crown recover'd State.

Ev'n *Poverty*, that ſharp, that dreaded Foe,
Feels not in thee the pinching Gripe of Woe;
The bluſhful Shame of Want in Sleep grows Gay,
And ſuff'ring Sorrow wears its Edge away.
The brow-beat *Bankrupt* dies with Doubt no more,
And Fortune's Tempeſt, in ſoft Sleep, blows o'er;
In golden Dreams his empty Coffers fill,
And Wine's warm Joys his frozen Heart unchill.

De-

Devouring *Death*, that o'er all Nature reigns,
Conquers not *Thee*, but wears thy ſilken Chains.
Lovers and Friends, whom oft ill Fate divides,
Or whom (ſad Lot!) the Grave's cold Boſom hides,
Meet at thy nightly Call, nor loſe their Way,
Tho' dark Eternity between them lay.

Ev'n *Jealouſy*, Life's moſt outragious Storm,
Thy gentle Flatt'ry can to Mirth transform;
The pining Virgin, rich in *Sleep-rais'd* Charms,
Secures her Wand'rer from ſuſpected Arms;
Smiles in triumphant Slumber with Diſdain,
And blaſts the hated Cauſe of Rival Pain;
But waking into Anguiſh, raves to ſee,
That all her Joys were left behind with thee.

CLIO *to* MIRANDA;
Occaſion'd by her Verſes on SLEEP.

OH! bright *Miranda*, to thy diſtant Shrine,
I offer all the Wiſhes that are *mine*;
Long, my deſiring Eyes thy Form have ſought,
Oft have I ſeen thy Beauties in my Thought,
Held from thy Converſe by ungentle Fate,
My Soul ſprings to thee, all unus'd to wait:
Nor can it for a formal Meeting ſtay,
But bounds before, preventing half the Way.

To thy fine Mind no Compliments I ſend,
I write not now for Fame, but for a Friend;
Oh! let my Hopes the mighty Bleſſing wear,
And with thy Friendſhip charm my Siſter Care;

When

When my lov'd Muſe and I together meet,
To my ſoft Thoughts I will thy Name repeat,
Thy Name ſhall wing the Hours, and make ev'n
Midnight ſweet.
Oh! I have read thy gentle Slumbers o'er,
Thy downy *Sleep*, till I can ſleep no more.

Sweet are the Murmurs of thy melting Muſe,
To my charm'd Ear, as Sleep is to the Eyes,
It drinks *in* all the Soul-reviving Dews,
And o'er the Harmony tranſported lies:
Every dear Line for Admiration calls,
Tender thy Strains, as Love-tun'd Nightingales!
As the Wind's Sighings, or the Shepherd's Reed,
Which gentle Love himſelf has taught to plead;
Sorrow, and Sickneſs, ſweetly It diſarms,
And ev'ry Anguiſh ſoftens at its Charms;
Scandal wou'd liſten with relenting Heart,
And drop, with trembling Hand, the venom'd Dart.

Such healing Power in thy ſoft Numbers flows,
That Love-ſick, breaking Hearts might find Repoſe;
Deſtructive *Jealouſy* ſuſpended lie,
And bitter *Grief* ſit with unſtreaming Eye.

Oh! Thou, to others Sorrows wondrous kind,
May thy own Breaſt no real Anguiſh find,
Safe be that ſacred Coaſt from ev'ry Care,
And all the Train of Peace ſit ſmiling there.

MIRANDA *to* CLIO.

In Anſwer to the Foregoing.

IN artleſs Strain *Miranda*'s Thanks accept,
Sure, never Muſe ſo profitably ſlept!
Conſcious, alaſs! ſhe well her Coldneſs knows,
And only in thy formful Fancy glows;

Yet,

Yet, why ſhou'd I reproach my honour'd Lays?
There ſhou'd be Worth, where *Clio* ſtoops to praiſe:
One way to Merit I can make Pretence,
'Tis from *Affinity* to Excellence;
For if on Earth there can Perfection be,
Heav'n, that beſtow'd *Hillarius*, gave it *Me*.

Long e'er to thee *Miranda*'s Name was known,
Miranda was of thee enamour'd grown;
Hour after Hour, with emulous Delight,
Thy heav'nly Notes have charm'd away my Night;
Cou'd Envy an impartial Soul ſubdue,
Mine were ſubverted, when I think on you;
But I a kind of Adoration find,
For thy ſuperior Excellence of Mind:
Thou! great Redeemer of thy Sex's Fame,
Outblazeſt Manhood with thy tow'ring Flame;
Ages to come, the wide-ſpread Light ſhall ſee,
And worſhip Womankind in Praiſe of thee.

Sent

Sent by a Gentleman, with a Pocket Looking-Glaſs, to a Lady who was curious to ſee the Picture of his firſt Miſtreſs.

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

I.

SEE, my Soul's ſerene Invader!
See the Face I firſt ador'd!
Heav'n for Love and Pity made her,
And with Angel Graces ſtor'd!

II.

Mark her Forehead's awful Riſing!
See her Soul-ſubduing Eyes!
Ev'ry Look and Air ſurprizing,
Modeſt, lively, ſoft, and wiſe!

III.

III.

Next *Yourſelf*, I own, I love Her:
But your ſweet obſerving Eye
Muſt not now grow jealous of her;
She's ne'er ſeen, but *You* are by.

MIRANDA *to* DAPHNE.

I.

COme *Daphne!* to *Miranda*'s Breaſt retire,
Let my ſoft Sorrow's ſympathetic Dew
Shed its cool Influence on this raging Fire;
At once, quench *Love*, and light up *Friendſhip* too.
Since Gratitude and Honour prove too weak
To raiſe thy ſinking Hope,
Since all thy Strength of Charms wants Pow'r to ſhake
That ſtubborn Breaſt, where Pity finds no Scope;

Bid

Bid the ill-entertain'd, unwelcome Gueſt depart;
And do not own the Wound, at leaſt, tho' ſtill thou
feel'ſt the Smart.
Beauty muſt bluſh, with burning Shame,
To ſee the frozen *Salamander* lie,
Inſenſible of Heat, amidſt ſuch Flame;
And all Love's penetrating Fire defie!

II.

Come to my kinder Call, thou lovelier Maid!
Too innocent to hope for Fortune's Aid!
And too, too ſweet, to be betray'd!
Come, *Daphne!* to a Friend's ſincere Embrace;
Her undeſigning Breaſt will give thee Place:
I'll ſave thee, there; — and, if I fail to pleaſe
Thy *ev'ry* Wiſh, — nor give thee *perfect* Eaſe;
At leaſt, I'll charm thy Griefs, in all I *can*;
For I am *not* that *able Ill* — that Undertaker — *Man!*

III.

III.

Fly, careleſs, kind, unwary Wantons! — fly,
When Man, — the ſmiling Miſchief Man! comes nigh.
He — glitt'ring Viper! — poiſons half our Sex;
While *We*, with Folly's trifling Twigs perplex:
And wou'd the ſubtle-winding Serpent *vex!*
Oh! how the skill'd Deceivers *put on* Pain!
How *feelingly*, they feign!
How will they tempt, ſwear, promiſe, plead, and pray;
How do they melt, in ſoft-diſſembled Grief!
Till Air-built Vows our yielding Hearts betray;
And Pity gives us up to fond Belief!
Then ſmiles the Wretch, at what his Arts have done:
Proud of the Conqueſt, tho' ſo baſely won!

IV.

IV.

Deſpiſe thou flatt'ring Dreams, ſo falſe as theſe.
The flooding Joy that comes without *Degrees*,
As ſwiftly ſweeping back again, bears with it all our Eaſe.
Come, and the great, the happy Diff'rence ſee,
'Twixt what Men *are*, and what they *ought* to *be*.
'Twixt him, whoſe gen'rous Softneſs bleſſes *Me*,
And that cold Flutt'rer, who bewitches *Thee*.
Come, *Daphne*, to *Miranda*'s bow'ry Cell,
Where Pleaſures, undiſturb'd by Tranſport, dwell:
And when my Female Vows inſipid ſeem,
To you, who of more ſolid Raptures dream,
Think — and, thinking, you'll grow wiſe,
And back your exil'd Judgment bring;
The noiſy Bee, that, humming, flies,
And boaſts, what *Honey* he ſupplies;
Says nothing of his *Sting*.

On Sir ROBERT WALPOLE's *Reſigning his Places in the Year* 1717.

By one of his Admirers and Fellow Collegiates.

*W*Alpole withdraws from Court, and ev'ry Brow,
Except his own, wears doubtful Sorrow now;
But he retreats with gentle, ſilent Pace,
And, like the Sun, to leſſer Lights, gives place:
Pleas'd with the Bleſſing that his Orb had lent,
He gilds the Skies, and ſmiles in his Deſcent.

The Great, of old, with diſcontented Airs,
Sullen, reſign'd the Weight of publick Cares;
Unfit the riſing Tempeſt to reform,
They ſtirr'd the Waves, and higher ſwell'd the Storm.

He

He ſcorns the mean Deſigns of Faction's Aid,
Still ſtriving to preſerve the Calm He made;
Proving a-like, that when he fell, or ſtood,
His Int'reſt only was his Country's Good.

To His juſt Management *Britannia* owes,
That her Debts leſſen, and her Treaſure flows;
That, great in Arms, She Foreign Foes diſdains,
And makes the home-bred Rebel *hear* * the Reins.

For this, what Pomp, what Titles might He claim?
But Honeſty requires no greater Name:
Others, by them, to future Times are known;
Walpole and *Walſingham* ſhall bear their own.

---

* *Audit Currus habenas.* Virg.

In a Blank Leaf of a Book, ſent to MIRANDA.

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

GO, happy Book, ——
That, void of Life, art from Life's Cares ſo free,
That Love itſelf can fix no Pain on thee;
Thou can'ſt before my lovely Charmer lie,
Unſcorch'd, by all the Lightnings of her Eye;
Midſt her inſpiring Touch, thou canſt remain
Taſtleſs of Pleaſure, and ſecure from Pain;
While abſent Beauty breaks thy Author's Reſt,
And Hope and Fear, by Turns, diſtract his Breaſt.
My Angel-Miſtreſs muſt, henceforth, be thine,
And I devote thy Off'rings to her Shrine.

On varied Themes divert her wand'ring Eye,
As o'er thy honour'd Leaves her Glances fly;
But when her Thoughts on ſofter Subjects rove,
And lead her, where thy Pages talk of *Love*,
Oh! then, ſo mindful of thy Author be,
To bid her, in a Whiſper — *think on ME.*

To LYSANDER, *on his ſhowing me ſome Verſes from* DELIA.

By MIRANDA.

I Trac'd, *Lyſander*, the ſoft Graces through,
Which fill'd the Verſes I receiv'd from you;
And, charm'd by modeſt *Delia*'s tuneful Lays,
I ſtep from Admiration into Praiſe.

With

With growing Pleaſure I ſurvey'd 'em o'er,
And ſtill found Beauties, unobſerv'd before;
Unconſcious Sweetneſs ſhades each glitt'ring Line,
And Wit, unforc'd, breaks thro' with ſparkly Shine!
Doubt not, enamour'd Youth, deſerv'd Succeſs,
Her pitying Nature will thy Pains redreſs:
For while ſuch kindred Virtues crowd each Mind,
Conſtrain'd by *Sympathy*, ſhe *muſt* be kind.

From LYSANDER; *In Anſwer to the Foregoing.*

I.

WHile, like *Hillarius*, fair *Miranda* writes,
What ſweet Good-nature, grac'd with Wit, excites,
Lyſander feels his Flame for *Delia* die,
As twinkling Stars are loſt in Shades, when *Phœbus* climbs the Sky.

II.

Whilſt he, fond Swain, thought none ſo heav'nly fair,
So worthy to monopolize his Care,
The Female *World,* at *beſt*, but ſeem'd a Foil,
And ſhe alone enrich'd with Worth, to crown his Hopes and Toil.

III.

But, ah! before *your* Luſtre (ſeen too near)
His *Delia*'s weaker Glories diſappear:
To yours compar'd her fancy'd Charms decay,
And all the Love, they had engroſs'd, like Dreams, diſſolves away.

IV.

Hard Fate! that *ſhe*, whoſe Soul-attracting Grace,
Compell'd the Change, and darken'd *Delia*'s Face,
As *Luna* made *Endymion* bleſs'd alone,
To great *Hillarius* only join'd, muſt ſcorn *Lyſander*'s Moan.

V.

V.

Yet, while at Diſtance, I am doom'd to gaze,
Miranda! on your beauteous Mind and Face.
I joy to ſee your Heav'n by none poſſeſt,
But Him, whom moſt Perfections crown, and who
deſerves you beſt.

To AURELIA, *hearing ſhe was an Admirer of* HILLARIUS.

By MIRANDA.

I Wonder not, *Aurelia,* you deſire
What Heav'n, ſure, form'd for *Woman* to admire;
But if, at diſtance, thus he charms thy Eye,
What would'ſt thou do, if Chance ſhould bring him
Nigh,
When not thy Eyes, alone, his Charms wou'd bleſs,
But ev'ry Senſe wou'd *equal* Power confeſs?

Oh! then, *Aurelia*, be adviſ'd by me,
And wiſh no more this fetter'd Charm to ſee,
By Love and Law, 'twas doom'd he ſhou'd be Mine,
And *He*'s the only Wealth, I wiſh not Thine.
But if, regardleſs of my well-meant Care,
You ſtill will *brave* this Woman-catching Snare;
Think what we ſaw, when laſt, the Fields to ſpoil,
We jointly ſported o'er the ſtubbly Soil,
A Flight of Birds, which late their Neſts foorſook,
And off their Wings the callow Down had ſhook,
Swift o'er the Plain in heedleſs Circles flew,
Till tempting Bait-ſeeds catch'd their wand'ring View;
In vain the wary Old-ones check'd their Haſte,
With eager Joy they flutter'd down to taſte,
The watchful Sportſman ſmil'd to ſee them fall,
And ſprung th' unerring Net upon 'em All.

On reading SENECA.

By CLIO.

MY Knees no longer can the Book ſuſtain,
Tho' thou art *Seneca*, I read in vain;
Thy once-lov'd *Morals* have no longer Charms,
For, Oh! my Heart bleeds faſter than thy Arms.
A Damp, like Death, does my ſick Hopes invade,
Joy's Lamp expires, and my cold Spirits fade.
Theſe Maxims, all ſo juſt, and ſo divine,
Thoughtleſs of what I write, I interline:
And, when my own ſad Thoughts I cannot bear,
With ſacrilegious Hand, thy Leaves I tear.
What have I done? — Alas! I fear to tell:
Be ſecret, Oh, Dear Book — *I lov'd too well.*
A Death, like *Seneca*'s, my Soul cou'd bear;
For *Love* was kind, nor mix'd *His Bitter* there.

To a LADY *who deſired that her Letters might not be expoſed.*

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

NO, thou beſt Soul, that e'er this Body knew!
Unhappy I may be, but not untrue:
Bleſs'd, or unbleſs'd, my Love can ne'er decay;
Nor cou'd I, tho' I cou'd not love, *betray.*

Cold, and unjuſt, the ſpeaking Caution kills!
And, in *one* Meaning, ſpots me o'er with *Ills.*
Silent as ſacred Lamps in buried Urns,
The Flame of Gen'rous Lovers inward burns:
Life ſhou'd be torn, and Racks be ſtretch'd in vain,
And varied Torture tire its fruitleſs Pain,

E'er

E'er but a Thought of Mine ſhou'd do thee Wrong,
Or ſpread thy Beauties on the Publick Tongue.

Cou'd'ſt Thou *ſuppoſe* it? — Oh! be loſt the Shame,
Nor heap Diſhonour on my future Name.
Have I been never lov'd? — yet, Cruel! tell,
Whom I betray'd to *Thee*, tho' lov'd too well?
Take thy ſweet Miſchiefs back, their Charms deface,
Yes — leave me *poor*; but never think me *baſe*.
Not ev'n when Death ſhall veil thy ſtarry Eyes,
Shall thy dear Letters from my *Aſhes* riſe:
Spread on my Heart, the Grave ſhall give 'em Room,
To charm my waking Soul in Worlds to come.
While, in my Verſe, with far more faint Eſſay,
Thy Wonders I to After-times convey:
Tell thy vaſt Heav'n of Sweets, and ſpread thy Name,
Till, fir'd for *Thee*, whole Kingdoms catch My Flame.

To the Right Honourable BESSY *Counteſs of* ROCHFORD *(Daughter of the late Earl* RIVERS*) when with Child.*

By Mr. SAVAGE, *Son of the late Earl* RIVERS.

AS when the Sun walks forth in flaming Gold,
Mean Plants may ſmile, and humble Flow'rs unfold.
The low-laid Lark the diſtant Æther wings,
And, as ſhe ſoars, her daring Anthem ſings!
So when thy Charms cæleſtial Views create,
My ſmiling Song ſurmounts my gloomy Fate!
Thy *Angel-Embryo* prompts my tow'ring Lays,
Claims my fond Wiſh, and fires my future Praiſe!

May

May It, if *Male*, its *Grandſire*'s Image wear!
Or in it's *Mother*'s Charms confeſs the *Fair!*
At the kind Birth may each mild Planet wait!
Soft be the Pain, but prove the Bleſſing Great!

Hail *Rivers!* Hallow'd Shade! deſcend from Reſt!
Deſcend and ſmile, to ſee thy *Rochford* bleſt?
Weep not the Scenes thro' which my Life muſt run,
Tho' Fate, fleet-footed, ſcents thy languid Son!
The Bar that, dark'ning, croſs'd my creſted Claim,
Yields at Her Charms, and brightens in their Flame:
That Blood, which, honour'd, in thy *Rochford* reigns,
In cold, unwilling Wand'rings trac'd my Veins!
Want's wint'ry Realm froze hard around my View!
And *Scorn*'s keen Blaſts a Cutting Anguiſh blew!
To ſuch ſad Weight my gath'ring Griefs were wrought,
Life ſeem'd not Life, but when convuls'd with Thought!
Decreed beneath a Mother's Frown to pine,
Madneſs were Eaſe to Mis'ry form'd like Mine!

Yet

Yet my Muſe waits thee thro' the Realms of Day,
Where lambent Light'nings, round thy Temples play!
Sure my fierce Woes, will, like thoſe Fires, refine,
Thus loſe their Torture, and thus glorious ſhine!
And now the Muſe Heaven's milky Path ſurveys,
With thee, 'twixt pendant Worlds it wond'ring ſtrays!
Worlds! which, unnumber'd as thy Vertues, roll
Round *Suns!* — fix'd, radiant Emblems of thy *Soul!*
Hence Lights refracted run thro' diſtant Skies,
Changeful on Azure Plains in quiv'ring Dies!
So thy Mind darted thro' its Earthy Frame,
A wide, a various, and a glitt'ring Flame.

Now a New Scene Enormous Luſtre brings!
Now Seraphs ſhade thee round with Silver Wings!
In Angel-Forms thou ſee'ſt thy *Rochford* ſhine!
In each ſweet Form is trac'd Her beauteous Line!
Such was her Soul, e'er this ſelected Mold
Sprung at thy Wiſh, the ſparkling Life t' infold!

So

So amidſt Cherubs ſhone her Son refin'd,
E'er Infant-Fleſh the new-form'd Soul enſhrin'd!
So ſhall a ſequent Race from *Rochford* riſe,
The World's fair Pride — Deſcendants of the Skies.

To the Lady DUTRY.

By WILLIAM COLEPEPER, *Eſq;*

I.

Dutry, that Soul-inſpiring Fair!
Improves the Poet's Story,
With ſpotleſs Fame and Beauty Rare
Surpaſſing *Helen*'s Glory.

II.

Helen, leſs fair, may boaſt her Art
A guilty Warmth to raiſe;
Dutry, refines the vanquiſh'd Heart
To Vertue's purer Praiſe.

To

To the Excellent MIRANDA *(Conſort of* AARON HILL, *Eſq;) on reading her* Poems.

By Mr. SAVAGE, *Son of the late Earl* RIVERS.

EAch ſoft'ning Charm of *Clio*'s ſmiling Song,
Mountague's Soul, which ſhines divinely ſtrong!
Theſe blend, with Graceful Eaſe, to form thy Rhime,
Tender, Yet chaſt; ſweet-ſounding, Yet ſublime!
Wiſdom and Wit have made thy Works their Care,
Each Paſſion glows, Refin'd by Precept, There!
To fair *Miranda*'s Form Each Grace is Kind;
The Muſes and the Virtues tune thy Mind.

To

To the Honourable Sir WILLIAM BREWER, *Bart.*

By Mr. VICTOR.

MUſe! to my Noble Friend an Off'ring bring:
And his fair Garden, in ſoft Numbers ſing.
Sweet let thy Verſe, from unforc'd Nature flow,
Yet ſtrongly mark'd, let the full Figures glow:
As when drawn Clouds unveil the bluſhing Sky,
And Heav'n burns broad, with a Vermillion Dye;
While thro' the grovy Tracks, cool Zephirs paſs,
To fan the ſilver Streams, and ſweep the Graſs.

Deep, in ſurrounding Woods, there ſhines a Seat,
Nature's bleſt Favourite! and Love's Retreat!

Green,

Green, amid ſtony Wilds, riſe op'ning Bow'rs!
Arch'd with a wreathy Heav'n of pendant Flow'rs!
Cool, in the burning Dog-ſtar's ſultry Sway:
Yet in the Ice of Winter, Warm and Gay!

O! Shades, well-temper'd, like your Owner's Mind,
Where Soft, and Solid, are by Nature join'd:
Sublimely Wiſe, and to Perfection Bleſt!
You know to judge, and dare to chuſe the beſt!

Beauty, and Wit, in your lov'd Conſort meet,
Where all that's noble, lives with all that's ſweet!
At once, your Wife, your Partner, and your Friend!
She curbs your Cares, and does your Joys extend.
You are the Point which all her Hopes purſue,
And, if ſhe ſings, ſhe ſweetly ſings of You!
In her alone, you ev'ry Bleſſing find:
Charm to your Eye! and Cordial to your Mind.

Ever thus bleſs'd, may Life wear ſlow away;
And ſome new Joy mark ev'n its lateſt Day!
May no Noiſe reach you, but thro' ruſtling Trees,
When their broad Boughs bend from the murm'ring Breeze.
Lift me, ſome God! from this tumultuous Town!
And near that heav'nly Umbrage ſet me down:
In ſome ſmall Cottage, that delightful ſtands;
Some clean thatch'd Tenement within your Lands;
Hemm'd with high roſy Banks, and ſhadowy Bow'rs,
" A Snow of Bloſſoms! and a Wild of Flow'rs!
Where the low Vine does the tall Elm beſeech,
And the ſweet Lime-tree wooes the uſeful Beech!
Till the mix'd Boughs compoſe a roofy Shade,
And no bold Sun-beam can my Reſt invade.
Here, out of hated Scandal's noiſy Sound,
Stretch'd in ſweet Leiſure on the ſilent Ground,
Deathleſs Companions of my Shade, I'd chuſe
The few fix'd Fav'rites of our *Engliſh* Muſe:

High ſoaring *Milton!* — *Waller* ſweet of Strain!
Un-dying *Shakeſpear!* — and wild *Spencer*'s Vein!
Sometimes familiar *Johnſon*, in low Flight,
Shall place the vulgar World before my Sight.
Yet *Dryden*'s Numbers, moſt, my Heart ſhall move,
For the prevailing Paſſion there, is Love!
But naming Love, hark! *Clio* tunes the Strings!
And the Soul melts before Her, as ſhe ſings!

What prouder Ornaments of Life remain,
I leave, for Fools to ſeek — and Knaves to gain.

To

To Mr. SAVAGE, *Son of the late Earl* RIVERS.

By Mr. JOHN DYER, *of* Carmarthenſhire.

SInk not, my Friend, beneath Misfortune's Weight,
Pleas'd to be found intrinſically Great.
Shame on the Dull, who think the Soul looks leſs,
Becauſe the Body wants a glitt'ring Dreſs.
It is the Mind's for-ever bright Attire,
The Mind's Embroid'ry, that the Wiſe admire!
That which looks rich to the groſs Vulgar Eyes,
Is the Fop's Tinſel, which the Grave deſpiſe.

Wealth dims the Eyes of Crowds, and while they gaze,
The Coxcomb's ne'er diſcover'd in the Blaze!
As Few the Vices of the Wealthy ſee,
So Vertues are conceal'd by Poverty.

Earl Rivers! — In that Name how would'ſt thou ſhine?
Thy Verſe, how ſweet! thy Fancy, how divine!
Criticks and Bards, wou'd, by thy Worth, be aw'd,
And All wou'd think it Merit to applaud.
But thou haſt nought to pleaſe the vulgar Eye,
No Title haſt, nor what might Titles buy.
Thou wilt ſmall Praiſe, but much Ill-nature find,
Clear to thy Errors, to thy Beauties blind;
And if, tho' few, they any Faults can ſee,
How meanly bitter will cold *Cenſure* be?
But ſince we all, the wiſeſt of us, err,
Sure, 'tis the greateſt Fault to be ſevere.

A Few, however, yet expect to find,
Among the miſty Millions of Mankind,
Who proudly ſtoop to aid an injur'd Cauſe,
And o'er the ſneer of Coxcombs force Applauſe.
Who, with felt Pleaſure, ſee fair Virtue riſe,
And lift her upward to the beck'ning Prize!
Or mark her lab'ring in the modeſt Breaſt,
And honour her the more, the more depreſt.

Thee, *Savage*, Theſe (the juſtly Great!) admire,
Thee, quick'ning Judgment's Phlegm with Fancy's Fire!
Thee, ſlow to cenſure, earneſt to commend,
An able Critick, but a willing Friend.

The PICTURE.

To Mr. DYER, *when in the Country : Occaſion'd by the foregoing* Verſes.

By Mr. SAVAGE, *Son of the late Earl* RIVERS.

WHile various Birds in tuneful Conſort ſing,
And charm the Proſpect of the opening Spring ;
While to thy Dreams the Nightingal complains,
Till the Lark wakes thee with its mirthful Strains ;
My Thoughts all dim'd, all influenc'd by Deſpair,
A deep, a dire, confirm'd Diſtraction wear ;
Till thy bright Verſe and Friendſhip, ever kind,
Dawn a ſweet Comfort o'er my dark'ning Mind.

Oh!

Oh! cou'd my Soul thro' Depths of Knowledge ſee,
Cou'd I read Nature and Mankind like Thee;
I ſhou'd o'ercome, or bear the Shocks of Fate,
And ev'n draw Envy to the humbleſt State:
But if Deſigns of Worth my Meaning forms,
Th' unfiniſh'd Fabricks fall by ſudden Storms:
Yet ſome raiſe Honour from each ill Event,
From Shocks gain Vigour, and from Want Content.

Think not light Poetry, my Life's chief Care,
The Muſe's Manſion is at beſt but Air!
Not ſounding *Verſe* can give great Souls their Aim,
Action alone commands ſubſtantial Fame.
Tho' with clip'd Wings I ſtill lie flutt'ring here,
I'd ſoar ſublime and ſtrike the Topmoſt Sphere.

Falſly, we Thoſe of guilty Pride accuſe,
Whoſe God-like Souls Life's *Middle* State refuſe:
Self-Love, inactive, ſeeks ignoble Reſt,
Care ſleeps not calm, when Millions wake unbleſt.

Mean let *Me* ſhrink, or ſpread ſweet Shade o'er *All*,
Low as the Shrub, or as the Cedar *Tall*.

Then I'll write on — ſtill I reſerve my Hope,
Tho' envious Chance, contracts my Action's Scope;
Tho' Wealth denies what my proud Wants require,
By Wiſdom, Sov'reign-like, I'd ſtill aſpire;
Thus to Enquiry prompt th' imperfect Mind,
Thus clear dim'd Truth, and bid her bleſs Mankind.
From the pierc'd Orphan thus draw Shafts of Grief,
Arm Want with Patience, and teach Wealth Relief.

Titles, when worn by Fools, I dare deſpiſe;
Yet they claim Homage, when they crown the Wiſe.
When high Diſtinction marks deſerving Heirs,
Deſert ſtill dignifies the Mark it wears.
But who to Birth *alone* wou'd Honours owe?
Honours, if True, from Seeds of *Merit* grow:
Thoſe Trees, with ſweeteſt Charms, invite our Eyes,
Which from our own Engraftment fruitful riſe!

Still

Still we love beſt what we with Labour gain,
As the Child's dearer for the Mother's Pain.

The Great, I neither envy nor deride;
Nor ſtoop to ſwell a vain *Superior*'s Pride;
Nor view an *Equal*'s Lot with jealous Eyes;
Nor cruſh the Wretch, *Beneath*; but mourn his Cries.
Where Friendſhips flouriſh, I'd no Jars create,
Nor by Another's Fall advance my State.
Nor miſuſe Wit, againſt an abſent Friend:
I dare the Vertues of a Foe defend. (Weight,
Thro' Wealth and Want true Minds preſerve their
Meek, tho' Exalted; tho' Deſpis'd, Elate:
Refug'd, or wrong'd, They equal Precept know,
And prize the Patron, and forgive the Foe.

Tho' ſtrait my Fortune, ſtill my Thoughts extend:
This is the *Picture* of thy abſent Friend.
Tho' cruel Diſtance bars my *groſſer* Eye,
My Soul, *clear-ſighted*, draws thy Aſpect *Nigh*;

Tho'

Tho' loſt to Comfort, compaſs'd round by Care,
Spleen in my Breaſt, and in my View Deſpair;
Thro' the deep Gloom thy quick'ning Merit gleams,
And lights up *Fortitude* with Friendſhip's Beams.

On Lady MARY WORTLEY MOUNTAGUE's *bringing with Her, out of* Turkey, *the Art of Inoculating the* Small Pox.

By AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

WHen *Greece*, reviving into ſhort Delight,
Felt Pride, and Comfort, at our Muſe's Sight:
The Rival'd *Nine* no ſooner ſaw Her Face,
But ev'n their Envy gave their Wonder Place!
Charm'd, into Love, of what eclips'd their Fame!
They wak'd *Apollo*, with Her pow'rful Name.

See!

See! — God of *Grecian* Wit! *Urania* cries,
How ſweet a *Muſe* the *Weſtern* World ſupplies!
Say? Shou'd ſhe ask ſome Favour from your Throne,
What cou'd you bid Her take, that's not Her Own?
Sparkling in Charms, the heav'nly Stranger view,
So grac'd! — ſhe ſcarce can owe a *Beam*, to You!
Beauty, with Love, Her Pow'r to Yours prefers:
And Wit, and Learning, are, already, Hers!

Rous'd, at Her *Name*, —Receding, from Her Eyes,
The gazing God roſe ſlow, in ſoft Surprize!
Fair Miracle, He ſaid — and paus'd, a-while:
Then, thus — Sweet Glory, of your envied Iſle!
Charm'd, and oblig'd, leaſt we ungrateful ſeem,
Bear hence, at leaſt, one Mark of our Eſteem.
One, of my Three, great Claims, your Wiſh may fit;
Whoſe Voice is Muſick: and whoſe Thoughts are Wit!
Phyſick, alone, remains, to grant you, here
A Skill! your godlike Pity will endear.

Form'd

Form'd, to give Wounds, which muſt no Eaſe procure,
Attone your Influ'nce, by new Arts, to cure.
Beauty's chief Foe, a fear'd, and fierce Diſeaſe!
Bows, at my Beck; and knows, its God's Decrees.
Breath'd, in this Kiſs, take Pow'r, to tame its Rage:
And, from its Rancour, free the reſcu'd Age.
High, o'er each Sex, in double Empire, ſit:
Protecting Beauty, and inſpiring Wit.

To Mr. SAVAGE, *on telling me his Misfortunes.*

By CLIO.

SOul-piercing Sorrow, Oh! no more invade,
I do conjure thee, this Harmonious Mind;
Savage for Immortality was made,
Why are not *Mothers*, like the *Muſes*, kind?
Why ask I thee, O *Sorrow*, Thou art blind.

Inhumane

Inhumane Tyrant o'er our ſhort-liv'd Days,
Thou drink'ſt our Blood (unſocial Fiend!) alone,
Withering our ſoft Ideas, and our Bays.
Unpitying, the dying Boſoms Groan,
Oh well has Mine thy cruel Ravage known.

All the dear Friends my Fortune e'er cou'd boaſt,
Were from my Arms by Death or Abſence torn,
A murder'd Father yielding up the Ghoſt —
Heart-breaking Sight, by Nature ſcarcely born!
The bloody Scene I muſt for ever mourn.

Can'ſt Thou an equal Miſery pretend?
Allow (O wretched Claim!) my greater Share:
Thou haſt no Parent; bleſt in that, my Friend,
Or none that's worthy of thy tender Care;
Repreſs thy Sighs; thy Burſt of Groans forbear.

The

The *Muſes* are thy Parents, all the *Nine*
Avow thee Theirs; Thou ſhalt Immortal be.
Hillarius too, the God of Wit, is thine,
Father, and Friend, and Ev'ry thing to Thee:
How rich art Thou in Happineſs, to Me?

Oh hear, my Stars! whatever you intend,
To raiſe my Fortune high, or to depreſs;
If Shipwreck'd here below, with ſuch a Friend
As ſweet *Hillarius*; the long Voyage bleſs,
And charm the Storms of Life with Tenderneſs.

How bleſs'd art thou, while ſuch a Hand ſuſtains
Thy helpleſs Youth; ſo fit to lead thee on;
Inſpiring ſtill, and lengthening out the Reins;
Pointing the glorious Courſe himſelf has run;
Warming thy Soul with his own native Sun.

Great

Great is the Height thy Infant Eaglet flies;
But who will wonder at its early Flight?
Hillarius has inform'd it where to riſe,
And ſhown it all the ſhining Fields of Light;
Oh! I gaze after it with aking Sight.

To the Reverend Mr. JOHN BRANDRETH (*Author of an Epitaph placed on the Monument of Colonel* JOHN FERMOR) *on his recommending me a Subject for Verſe.*

By WILLIAM COLEPEPER, *Eſq;*

THOU wreath'ſt the Author's with the Hero's Bays,
Thy Learning's Own, with valiant *Fermor*'s Praiſe;

Stamp

Stamp now thy Sov'reign Wit on current Rhime,
Or teach my Muſe, like thine, to ſoar ſublime!

As Wealthy Senates, when they tax, their Share
Lay on weak Want, which leaſt the Load can bear;
You, Sir, beyond what's equitably fit,
Expect from my thin Rhime your Weight of Wit.

Av'rice is ſure a Crime, tho' ev'n your Own!
Tho' from the Nation's Vice it's Habit grown!
Since you'll in Senſe a Hoarding Miſer be,
Juſt *Phœbus* grants your vaſt Eſtate to me:
Hence as the Penalty attones your Crime,
Rhime ſhall grace Wit, your Wit ſhall raiſe my Rhime!

On BELIZA.

By the Reverend Mr. PHILIP CARTER, *Chaplain to the Earl of* ROCHFORD.

WHile I, in artleſs Verſe, aſpire to raiſe
My Numbers equal to *Beliza*'s Praiſe;
Apollo, grant a Portion of thy Skill,
And elevate my Fancy to my Will?
So ſhall the Nymph in my Deſcription ſhine;
So ſhall my Verſe be like the Nymph divine.
Smooth, like her Wit, ſhall flow the happy Song;
Bright as her Eyes, and tuneful like her Tongue.

To MIRA, *from the Country.*

By the Author of the celebrated Ballad of William *and* Margaret.

AT this late Hour, the World lies huſh'd below;
Nor is one Breath of Air awake to blow.
Now walks mute *Midnight*, darkling, o'er the Plain,
Reſt, and ſoft-footed *Silence* in his Train,
To bleſs the Cottage, and renew the Swain.
Theſe all-aſleep, me all-awake they find;
Nor *Reſt*, nor *Silence*, charm the Lover's Mind.
Already, I a Thouſand Torments prove,
The thouſand Torments of divided Love:
The rolling *Thought*, impatient in the Breaſt;
The flutt'ring *Wiſh* on Wing, that will not reſt;

Deſire,

Deſire, whoſe kindled Flames, undying, glow;
Knowledge of diſtant Bliſs, and preſent Woe;
Unhuſh'd, unſleeping All, with Me they dwell,
Children of Abſence, and of loving well!
Theſe pale the Cheek, and cloud the chearleſs Eye,
Swell the ſwift Tear, and heave the frequent Sigh:
Theſe reach the Heart, and bid the Health decline;
And *Theſe*, oh *Mira! Theſe* are truly mine.

She, whoſe ſweet Smiles would gladen all the Grove,
Whoſe Mind is Muſick, and whoſe Looks are Love;
She, gentle *Power!* victorious *Softneſs!* — *She*,
Mira, is far from hence, from Love, and Me.
Yet, in my ev'ry Thought, her Form I find,
Her Looks--her Words—her World of Charms combin'd!

Sweetneſs is her's, and unaffected Eaſe;
The native Wit, that was not taught to pleaſe.

Whatever ſoftly animates the Face,
The Eye's attemper'd Fire, the winning Grace,
Th' unſtudy'd Smile, the Bluſh that Nature warms;
And all the graceful Negligence of Charms!
Ha! while I gaze, a thouſand Ardors riſe;
And my fir'd Boſom flaſhes from my Eyes.
Oh! melting Mildneſs! Miracle of Charms!
Receive my Soul within thoſe folding Arms!
On that dear Boſom, let my Wiſhes reſt——
Oh! ſofter than the Turtle's downy Breaſt!
And ſee! where Love himſelf is waiting near!
Here, let me ever dwell — for Heav'n is here!

A Winter's Day.

Written by the ſame Gentleman, in a State of Melancholy.

NOW, gloomy Soul! look out — now comes thy Turn;
With Thee, behold all ravag'd Nature mourn.
Hail the dim Empire of thy darling Night,
That ſpreads, ſlow-ſhadowing, o'er the vanquiſh'd Light.
Look out, with Joy; the RULER of the Day,
Faint, as thy Hopes, emits a glimm'ring Ray:
Already exil'd to the utmoſt Sky,
Hither, oblique, he turns his clouded Eye.
Lo! from the Limits of the Wintry Pole,
Mountainous Clouds, in rude Confuſion, roll:

In

In diſmal Pomp, now, hov'ring on their Way,
To a ſick Twilight, they reduce the Day.
And hark! impriſon'd Winds, broke looſe, ariſe,
And roar their haughty Triumph thro' the Skies.
While the driv'n Clouds, o'ercharg'd with Floods of Rain,
And mingled Lightning, burſt upon the Plain.
Now ſee ſad Earth — like Thine, her alter'd State,
Like Thee, ſhe mourns her ſad Reverſe of Fate!
Her Smiles, her wanton Looks, — where are they now?
Faded her Face! and wrap'd in Clouds her Brow!

No more, th' ungrateful Verdure of the Plain;
No more the Wealth-crown'd Labours of the Swain;
Theſe Scenes of Bliſs, no more upbraid my Fate,
Torture my pining Thought, and rouze my Hate.
The Leaf-clad Foreſt, and the tufted Grove,
E'er while, the ſafe Retreats of happy Love,

Stript

Stript of their Honours, naked, now, appear;
This is — my Soul! the Winter of their Year!
The little, noiſy Songſters of the Wing,
All, ſhiv'ring on the Bough, forget to ſing.
Hail! rev'rend Silence! with thy awful Brow!
Be Muſick's Voice, for ever, mute — as Now:
Let no intruſive Joy, my dead Repoſe
Diſturb: — no Pleaſure diſconcert my Woes.

In this Moſs-cover'd Cavern, hopeleſs, laid,
On the cold Clift, I'll lean my aking Head;
And, pleas'd with Winter's Waſte, unpitying, ſee
All Nature in an Agony with Me!
Rough, rugged Rocks, wet Marſhes, ruin'd Tow'rs,
Bare Trees, brown Brakes, bleak Heaths, and ruſhy Moors;
Dead Floods, huge Cataracts, to my pleas'd Eyes—
(Now I can ſmile!) — in wild Diſorder riſe:
And now, the various *Dreadfulneſs* combin'd,
Black *Melancholy* comes, to doze my Mind.

See!

See! Night's wiſh'd Shades riſe, ſpreading, thro' the Air,
And the lone, hollow Gloom, for Me, prepare!
Hail! ſolitary Ruler of the Grave!
Parent of Terrors! from thy dreary Cave!
Let thy dumb Silence *midnight* all the Ground,
And ſpread a welcome Horror wide around.—
But hark! — a ſudden Howl invades my Ear! —
The Phantoms of the dreadful Hour are near.
Shadows, from each dark Cavern, now combine,
And ſtalk around, and mix their Yells with mine.

Stop, flying Time! repoſe thy reſtleſs Wing;
Fix here — nor haſten to reſtore the Spring:
Fix'd my ill *Fate*, ſo fix'd let *Winter* be —
Let never wanton Seaſon laugh at Me!

ERRATA.

Page 64, l. 10, *inſtead of* pleaſaht *read* pleaſant. P. 170, l. 11, *inſtead of* ardent, *read* arduous. P. 174, l. 3. *inſtead of* In Imitation of *Anacreon*, *read* In Imitation of a certain Mimic of *Anacreon*. P. 198, l. 11, *inſtead of* her, *read* our.

FINIS.

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